

Cairns Trophy Has Come West For the First Time in History

Alberta's Greatest Track Team Wrests the Goblet at Winnipeg, Where It Had Remained for Eight Years— Alberta's Win Decisive

Final Point Standing

MEN

Alberta 75.
Manitoba 49.
Saskatchewan 20.

GIRLS

Saskatchewan 25½.
Manitoba 22.
Alberta 15½.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

Men — Harold Wright, Alberta, 20 points.
Girls — Dorothy Rutherford, Saskatchewan, 13½ points.

The Old Cairns Trophy ain't where she used to be: she's gone west—nearly a thousand miles, and for the first time in her comparatively young history of eight years duration the monotony of her hitherto uneventful life has been broken. For one half-dozen and two years "THE WORTHY GOBLET" has collected dust upon the shelves of the University of Manitoba—in fact, the goblet had remained so long in Winnipeg that it had to be regarded as an institution at that University and as such had passed unnoticed by the majority of students. Now, however, Alberta's greatest track team has wrested it from its ancient surroundings and has brought it to Edmonton, where it will get plenty of attention here or until Percy Williams and several men like him compete against Alberta.

Alberta's Win Decisive

Alberta's victorious team consisted of eight men and each and every one contributed to a victory that was not a close one, but a decisive one: Alberta's margin over Manitoba was one of 26 points and one of 55 points over Saskatchewan. There is no doubt as to which was the best team. The girls did not finish first, but we must remember that the co-ed team consisted only of four athletes—four of them amassed a total of 15½ points. Not so bad at that.

Eight Records Broken

During the course of the meet eight records were broken and two were equalled. Members of the Alberta contingent who broke or equalled records were: "Flaxen Fritz" Werthenbach, who broke one and equalled another, and Harold Wright. Although the members of the Alberta team did not break many records, they obtained their substantial margin by collecting ten firsts, six seconds and seven thirds. Manitoba, on the other hand, won five firsts, six seconds and a like number of thirds. The Saskatchewan men's best was

VICTORIOUS CAPTAIN



FRITZ WERTHENBACH

The stalwart captain and veteran of Alberta's track team. Since "Werthy's" first arrival here from Saskatchewan, he has been one of the dependables of the track team. Since that time he has been on every track team that has represented Alberta, and he always has been one of the outstanding men. As can be seen from the pose above, Fritz specializes in the hurdles. Although he has borne the burden of both hurdles and sprints until this year, the addition of Wright to the team enabled Fritz to specialize. His long suit, however, is the hurdles. Fritz captured the individual championship at the Intercollegiate Track Meet at Winnipeg in '26 and here in '27. This year he confined himself to breaking records—and enough!

one first, four seconds and three thirds.

What the Alberta Team Did "WERTHY"

The veteran Alberta captain, the justly famous Fritz Werthenbach, proved his worth as captain of the victorious team. Not only did he break the record for the 220 low hurdles by getting over them in 27 seconds flat, but he also equalled his own record of 16 2-5 seconds in the 120 yard high hurdles. Fritz did his share and then some—good old "Flaxen"!

"ALL WRIGHT"

And now hats off to the new individual champion: Mr. Harold Wright, of Regina, and now a most valuable addition to the student body of the University of Alberta. Why? He amassed for his university a grand total of 20 points. How? By placing first in the 100, 220, 440 and the broad jump—that's all! And who says it isn't enough? Good boy, Harold!

"CAN GLASGOW?"

Who is next? None other than the dusky steed of the whole meet and one who showed himself a true sportsman: R. M. "Butch" Glasgow, a sprinter who can play the saxophone. Had not Harold Wright thrust forward his arm in the hundred yard dash it would have been a dead heat, with Butch making it hot. In drawing lanes for this dash Wright had the misfortune to land the inside path, one which was anything but advantageous, because of the crowding of the spectators. Glasgow drew the ideal lane, number four, and realizing that Wright, his team-mate, should be given every chance to win he offered to exchange lanes, as he had done with Werthenbach in the morning. Both Wright and Werthy waved aside Glasgow's sporting offer, but they will remember it. Butch did his share by placing second in the 100, 220, third in the 220 low hurdles and third again in the 120 high hurdles. 'Nuff sed!

LEONARD, CALLED COCKLE
Len made the old javelin and discus plow through the air. First in both events. Len has done it before, and now he does it again. The discus found itself 105 feet 8½ inches from Len when he hurled it, and an ancient Greek would have been out of luck at a distance of 148 feet 9¾ inches if the javelin hadn't missed him. A third in the shot put completes his list.

CUTS AND MICKEY

W. D. Cutsungavich and Mickey Crookford scored their points for Alberta in the middle and long distance events. Cuts gained a first in the three mile, a second in the half mile and a third in the mile, while Mickey came third in the mile, third in the half-mile, and second in the 440. More points!

BEN AND NORMAN

Ben Lyons and Norman McLeod applied the finishing touches to the Alberta men's point total. Lyons garnered a second in the pole vault and a third in the three mile—versatile. McLeod did his bit by getting a second in the mile and third in the javelin—had it not been for this Alberta's total would have been 71 instead of 75.

The Girls

Alberta's four feminine representatives did this: Gwen Roxburgh, third in the 100 and 220, and second in the broad jump; Gladys Fry, first in the discus and second in the high jump; Ethel Barnett, third in the broad jump and third in the high jump. Doris Calhoun gave the girls' relay team their points.

And as a result of all this the Cairns Trophy has been reft of its somewhat faded brown and gold ribbons. They are now replaced by bright new green and gold ones. Will they fade? We won't let them!

Complete Results

Western intercollegiate track meet results:

Half-mile—1, A. Duncan, Manitoba; 2, W. D. Cutsungavich, Alberta; 3, M. B. Crookford, Alberta. Time 2:04 4-5.

Shot put—1, E. Feljsted, Manitoba; 2, O. Gratas, Saskatchewan; 3, W. Cockle, Alberta.

Girls' broad jump—1, D. Rutherford, Saskatchewan; 2, G. Roxburgh, Alberta; 3, E. Barnett, Alberta. Distance 16 feet 2 inches (new record).

220 yards dash—1, Harold Wright, Alberta; 2, R. Glasgow, Alberta; 3, D. Sector, Manitoba. Time 22 4-5 secs.

Broad jump—1, Harold Wright, Alberta; 2, E. Oddlafson, Manitoba; 3, W. Maguire, Saskatchewan. Distance 19 feet 10 inches.

Girls' discus—1, G. Fry, Alberta; 2, W. Rowles, Saskatchewan; 3, L. Unkauf, Manitoba. Distance 76 feet 7¼ inches.

Pole vault — 1, Gerald Creasy, Manitoba; 2, N. Lyons, Alberta; 3, F. Malcolm, Manitoba. Height 10 feet 10½ inches (new record).

220 yards low hurdles—1, F. Werthenbach, Alberta; 2, J. Lawson, Manitoba; 3, R. Glasgow, Alberta. Time 27 seconds (new record).

(Continued on page eight)



The Cairns Trophy

EDITORIAL

On behalf of the students of the University, The Gateway extends the heartiest congratulations to the winners of the Cairns Trophy.

Since its donation in 1920 by Mr. Cairns, of Saskatoon, the Trophy has been held by the University of Manitoba, but not because of lack of effort on the part of Alberta. Manitoba's larger student registration, which is about double Alberta's, has given her the advantage in developing track and field stars. But gradually the devotees of the Green and Gold have been working themselves into position for the conquering thrust. Last year, after a meet in which the decision hung in the balance all day, the University of Manitoba emerged with a winning margin of only two points. This year, aided immensely by the coming of Harold Wright, and the return of "Butch" Glasgow, with all last year's stars present except Fred Russell, the Cairns Trophy was won by a margin of twenty-six points. The winning team comprised Fred Werthenbach, captain; Harold Wright, Robert Glasgow, Bill Cutsungavich, Ben Lyon, M. B. Crookford, L. Cockle, N. McLeod.

Too much credit cannot be given to Reg Hamilton, popular manager of the Track Club, to whose untiring and persistent efforts a large measure of the success won by the team is due. Congratulations must also be offered to Coach Tait.

Our track team brought something else back to our halls besides the Cairns Trophy. They brought back a rejuvenation of fine athletics and a renewed University sentiment for which the whole University is indebted to them. Again, congratulations!

The Unworthy Goblet

By Don Bee

Now it so happened in the City of Var when Wa-Lus was but a young king, that a great host of brave men and the beauteous damsels of the city did climb onto iron horses and hie them to the east. For there was a great tourney to be held in the land of the Many-Tobans and the people of the west desired greatly that bacon should be brought home to them. And great was the courage of the champions of Var, and they did strive strenuously and scrappily. And there was a stripling which was called Rite and he did show his heels like Achilles of yore, and did win the bouquets and the title "Fleetest of the Feet." And to this day people advise us to "turn to the Rite" when we want to go places and see things. And loud noises were heard in the great Corridor, and even the aged Sen-Yors did smile and point shaky fingers at the heap of broken records and pardon the destructiveness of youth.

But in the cubicle of the Great Gateway of the city, where the thinkers did assemble, there was nought but pity for the Many-Tobans. For had not the many 'Tobans who worshipped the skin of the pig been sat

(Continued on page eight)

Calgary's Mauling Tiger-Team What They Do--Who They Are

Any Man Who Weighs Under 200 lbs. on the Tigers is Considered Light—And They Say They Are Not Only Heavy, But Fast

(The following article was specially written for The Gateway by two of last year's prominent legal grads: Shirley G. MacDonald and D. P. McDonald, who now reside in Calgary and know all about the Tigers. D. P. plays on the team, and Shirley watches them—in other words, this is "inside dope".)

The Calgary Tigers, thirsting for blood after an easy victory over Edmonton Eskimos on October 6th, will come down from their lairs like the Assyrians of old.

If Varsity students believe that an easy afternoon on Saturday will be spent by her rugby team, they are due for a rude awakening, for the most formidable fighting machine to come out of these parts will arrive Saturday morning on the C. & E. rattler. Still smarting from the trimmings handed to them by Varsity four years ago, the Tigers are determined to put those games out of the memory of man and supplement a Tiger revenge of such proportions that in days to come the oldest member will, like old Casper, take his grandchild on his knee and tell her of "The Famous Victory."

Brawn, brains and mobility are the keystones of the Calgary squad. All three points are strangely emphasized in the Tiger backfield, and the line is one of the most finished products that we have had the opportunity of seeing in action.

Who's Who

The following is the personnel of the squad that will accompany Coach Lt.-Col. Williams and Manager Bannerman:

Ross Henderson: Captain and quarter; Varsity old timer, calling signals and punting again; a tricky man and hard to stop.

Bill McLeod: An outstanding performer at halfback; fast, sure catch, good plunger and a sure tackler. The star of the Eskimo game.

Tom Jenkins: A Yankee, who shows eastern training, punter and halfback, who rolls around 'em and hits them at the shoe tops.

Maurice Fidler: Speed, skill and brains; a hard man to stop in an open field, and harder to hold on plunges. Ask an Eskimo. Weight 195 lbs.; 6 ft. 3in.; 22 years old.

Bob Hall: Tigers '23, '24, '25; a Yank, and shows training; a punter, snap, lineman and halfback. He works like, and looks like, a rugby player; 185 lbs.; 24 years old.

Ralph Johnson: H.S. product; light, 160 lbs.; fast.

Pete Semkowicz: The midget, but watch his tricks (like Timothy); 21 years old; 140 lbs., and fools 'em at halfback and end.

D. P. McDonald: Varsity old timer; about as usual; at right end.

Russ Gideon: Slightly sunburned, but holds down his end. A hard tackler and faster than anybody on the field.

Wright: A Queen's student, who drop kicks like Leadley and runs like Batstone; cheerful tackler, who nails 'em low; 150 lbs.

Friend: Tiger Junior; 21; reliable end and halfback; 160 lbs.

Les Ferguson: The old reliable centre; Tiger man since '24; 26 years old; 195 lbs., and a real fighter and steady snap.

Tommy Nesbitt: Light; 165 lbs.; fast and a sure lineman; plays inside or middle.

John McDonald: Another fighting lightweight; a reliable middle wing at 165 lbs. H.S. product, about 20 years old.

Clarence Darrow: Weight for the line; Sunday school habits on Sunday, but a real fighter on Saturdays; weight 190 lbs.; plays inside.

Red MacLaren: 205 lbs.; 25 years old; captain of Varsity 1925; product of Jimmy Bill's school.

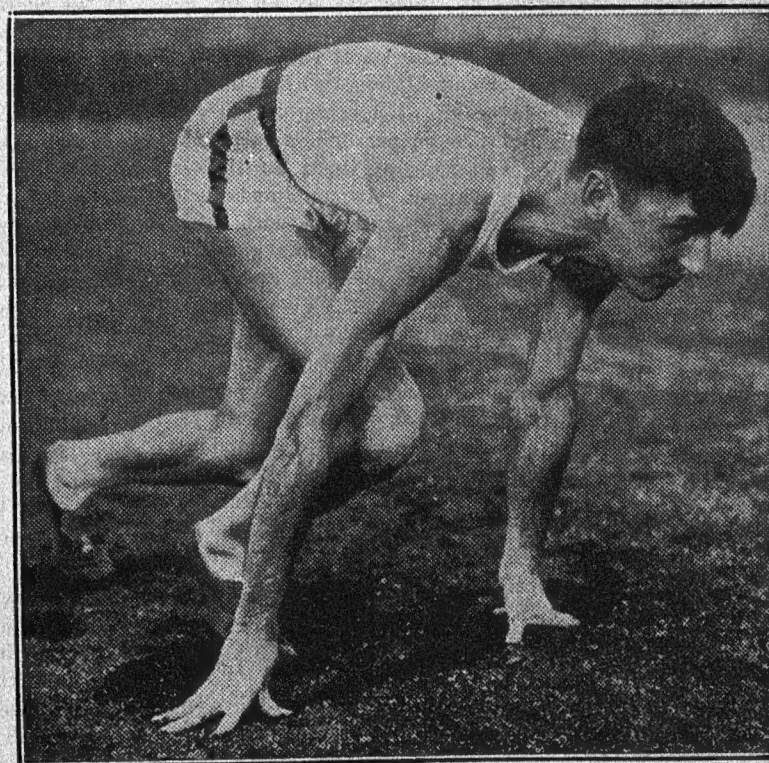
"Wink" Potter: 24 years; the irresistible, not heavy but effective; another of Varsity team of 1925; a stonewall defense; man of about 175 lbs.; plays middle wing.

Big Daly: Lighthouse proportions; hits the line hard; plays inside and weighs 200; a sure yard gainer; age 28. A product of the Tigers of '24.

J. Brown: 170 lbs.; 24 years old; Regina lineman. Don't hurt him—he's married—yes, try and do it!

Hickok: 200 lbs.; the big train, try and roll him over; plays at middle.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMP



HAROLD WRIGHT

Who more than lived up to his reputation as a sprinter which had preceded him from Saskatchewan at the Intercollegiate meet last Saturday. Harold grabbed off the individual championship of the meet, amassing a total of 20 points by taking four firsts at Winnipeg. He is a Regina product, where he has been under the able guidance of Coach MacIrvine of that city. Wright holds five Saskatchewan championships, and now holds four Intercollegiate honours; all of which goes to show that he is more than hard to beat. Alberta's Percy Williams!



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ATHLETICS

The remarkable showing made by our athletes at the recent Manitoba Track Meet, replete as it was with equalled and shattered records, gives us every right to be proud. The Cairns trophy was well earned. It was not, however, on this year's endeavor alone, but rather by the careful training and building of past teams, who established traditions of training and custom that have been invaluable this season. Our track team is the one team that can really be said to train, and when that can be said results are bound to follow.

The advent of this track team, together with the advent of such teams as the Commercial Grads, the Hillhurst Hustlers, and the Calgary Canadians, indicates to followers of sport that athletics are slowly but irresistibly moving westward. Even as the sprinter Coaffe and the University of Manitoba Hockey Team shifted laurels westward from the east, these natives of Alberta are going to give them a further pull along the line. The coming of Percy Williams, Ethel Catherwood and Doris Pilling leaves little doubt as to the truth of this statement.

In the ordinary course of development the time is comparatively near when it will be the privilege of our University to contribute towards Canada's efforts in national and international sport. The privilege is accompanied by a duty—we must be prepared not only to contribute, but to contribute our best, and to do that we must be in shape.

Speaking entirely of former years, there is no doubt that many athletes on our senior teams do not maintain strict, or even slack, training rules. They go through their daily paces, and that is all. If, however, we are to compete, and compete successfully, with such teams as are now being produced in Western Canada, that is not enough. The coaching problem has been settled to the entire satisfaction of everyone; it now remains for the athletes on the various senior teams to get behind their coaches, as the track men have behind theirs, and to establish some traditions that will start and perpetuate a system of training that will produce results.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Livingstone, in "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to us," in comparing the Greek sense of beauty to the modern one, points out that the Greeks always worshipped beauty and could never tolerate anything ugly, while we can admire, awe-inspired, the scenes in a picture gallery one moment, and the next walk into a back alley and survey with a certain degree of equanimity the sordidness thereof.

Whether or not it is true that the ancient Greeks were all-day lovers of beauty, it certainly seems that our aesthetic sense has only a part-time keenness. We have a striking example in front of us each day, a local example. After standing for a few minutes in the Arts Building, in front of the Winged Mercury, charmed by its beauty, we walk over to the Med Building, and enter it by a dirty back door, with an indescribable stench horrifying our nostrils from the out-buildings. Safely within, and upstairs, we admire again—this time the structural beauty of the building. A little later we leave by the same door as "in we went," and walking towards the campus, pass through a range of coal hills, fill our nostrils with coal dust, and sink ankle-deep in coal waste. Thus at one moment we see art—and the coal pile.

Can nothing be done?

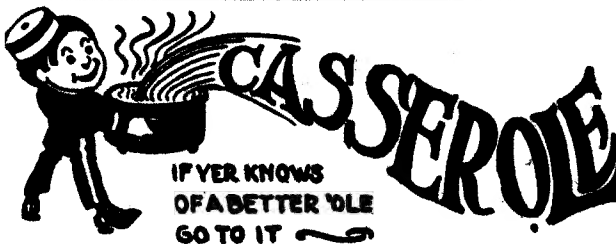
2400 DOLLARS FOR A SUPERIORITY COMPLEX

The average time served at University by an individual is four years, each year costing him about \$600.00, making a total of \$2,400.00 spent for—well, for what? Few students attend University for the purpose of amassing a pile of knowledge, fewer still for the purpose of learning through personal associations and social activities, and most of them for the simple purpose of getting a degree. An uneducated man feels at a loss when discussing things with a Bachelor of Arts. He thinks, "This man has gone through University and knows far more about everything than I can ever hope to know. I'll give way to him. . . . No! by Jove! I shan't give way. I'll go to University too, and get me a B.A." He goes to University, gets his degree by the required fifty per cent. margin, and goes forth into the world, a new man. His thoughts then on meeting another graduate are something like this: "Hmph! This man has a B.A., so have I. The mystery of his knowledge is dispelled. I guess he frittered away his four years much the same as I did. Let's see if I can't bowl him over." And he recalls a few quotations, speaks polysyllabically, refers to his dear alma mater, and bluffs his way to the tape for first position. He has paid \$2,400.00 for the ability to look his fellows square between the eyes. Is it worth while? Undoubtedly.

—E.M.J.

UNIVERSITY SPIRIT

The greeting accorded our victorious track team in the rotunda of the Arts Building on Monday morning was a very welcome manifestation of a reviving University spirit. While we oppose cheap "Alma Mater" sentimentality and vociferous uncalled for "rah-rah-ing," this impetus given to University feeling will do much to overcome the pessimistic atrophy of the past year.



Dear readers: We were deluged with a veritable flood of requests to continue the "Fish Story" in this issue. But as to do so would be in contradiction of our well-known policies of laissez-faire, live and let live, and go to hell, we are forced to refuse the requests, at the cost of much regret and heartache on our part. However, here's another story. It's darn good, too, even though it hasn't the remotest connection with fish, and even though we do say so ourselves.

This story is of a college graduate who, having the world by the tail, asks his father, a wholesale manufacturer, to take him into the business.

The old man, "nothing loathe," showed the On-and-come through every department of the works. He ended up in the business department, saying: "Any darn fool can learn manufacturing routine. But it takes a good man to handle the business end. Suppose you've sold goods on 30 days' credit, and at the end of the time your customer hasn't come through. Sit down now and write him a letter. Demand payment firmly, but be diplomatic and don't antagonize the man."

The boy sits down, writes a letter, and hands it up for paternal perusal.

"My boy, that's fine—I couldn't do better myself. There's only two mistakes: there's only one 's' in 'lousy,' and skunk hasn't a capital 's'."

We are told that you don't have to go to Europe to marry abroad.

That's not all we are told, either.

Solomon said there were a thousand things he didn't understand, and he was married to the whole darn bunch of them.

The old devil!

We wonder if it was the Freshette of dynamo fame who was so fast that at the recent track meet she watched the boys start in the 100-yard event, and then ran up and watched them come in.

"Have you heard this one?" said Lee Cameron, as he carefully closed the door of The Gateway office.

They say that the champion woman swimmer of Venice got her start swimming home from gondola rides.

Apologies of the above, did you hear about the girl who came home from a car ride with only one shoe muddy?

Frosh: "Do you love me, darling?"

Popular Co-ed: "Of course I do, Jack."

Frosh: "My name is Jim, not Jack."

P.C.: "Oh, dear, I keep thinking today is Monday."

The Board of Governors of Casserole has decided to inflict a particularly diabolical death upon any of the following who come to their notice:

People who say, on first sight of the ocean, "Roll on, thou, deep and dark blue ocean, roll."

People who say, "To be or not to be—that is the question."

Men who wear bowler hats.

Men who say "Do."

Girls who say "Don't."

Men who rave about Freshettes.

Girls who rave about internes.

Men who, on greeting you, say "Ha! ha!"

Newspaper correspondents who say, "The hum of the binder is heard in the land."

Co-respondents.

Girls who are "insulted."

People who say "How's your course coming?"

Which reminds us—speaking as we are of inanities—of the man who had just returned from a motor trip to Banff. A friend accosted him:

"And how did you find the weather at Banff?"

"Oh, I had no trouble at all. I just got out of the car—and there it was."

If we were asked how the kittens got into the bacchanalian menage of Eric Stuart, we would hesitate to reply.

Some Freshmen will not believe that they are not always being kidded. A Soph who was conducting a youngster through the library, stopped in a surge of fraternalism to point at a piece of sculpture, and said, "That there is a bust of Sir Isaac Newton by himself."

"Aaw, stop kidding me," complained the suspicious Frosh. "Anybody could see he's alone."

Two men, we won't say who, motored from Calgary last week-end to register at Varsity. They broke their journey at Innisfail, where they put up for the night. Before leaving the hotel room the next morning the one asked the other, "Have you left anything?"

"No," was the neat come-back. "I've got all the towels, the door-knob and the Gideon Bible."

"I shall meet you 'neath the weeping willow tree at moonrise," cooed the young lover to the lovely damsel. So that evening, when the moon rose, the beautiful youth found the shy maiden waiting for him.

(If you liked that one, look me up some evening and I'll tell you all about some pretty shares of Bukuinvian mining stock you might care to look at.)

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.—Shakespeare.

Yes, even though he unloads them unto the Casserole.

An open mind often, oddly enough, goes with a closed mouth. Which means, we'd better quit now, and keep listening for stuff for next week.



The College Babbitt

Sinclair Lewis originated and made popular the title of Babbitt as applied to the hard-boiled business man, who was hard-headed in at least two possible senses of the term. Although no one with a gift of satire has seen fit to waste enough good paper and ink to write a novel on the college Babbitts, there is no lack of subject matter.

The college Babbitt, like his older brother, using his own language, does not yet know what it is all about. In a futile attempt to get into the swim he is caught in the maelstrom of the noisy and often useless manifestations of college spirit and patriotism. He becomes the rah-rah boy who wears with unrepentable pride the latest collegiate fads created by ingenious clothiers who never heard of Joseph and his coat of many colors which got him in bad with all of his fellows.

The collegiate Babbitt is also a "joiner." Anything which means another organization and offers the possibility of acquiring another little tin god to wear on his vest and satisfy his vanity is acceptable to the indiscriminating Babbitt.

Committees are the delight of this person who revels in feeling that he is always busy and has never completely caught up with himself. He is perfectly willing to work on a dozen or so committees, of about the importance of filling the water glasses for the debating team, when if he were to devote his energies to one activity he might be able to be the one for whom the water glasses were filled.

Babbitt is not due for any sudden death. There are too many college students going out each year to fill the ranks of those who have gone to meet with some committee in a place where we hope that there are no such things.—Williamette Collegian.

Concerning Intelligence Tests

Now Columbia comes forward with an open and avowed use of such an examination. The four hundred and fifty men who ordinarily would have been admitted to the Freshman class of the Law College were asked to take just such a psychological test, and the results were used to limit further the number of entrants. On this basis a hundred and seventy-five men were refused entrance and the other two hundred and seventy-five admitted. It is too soon to approve or condemn the efficiency of this procedure; only time can tell. But it does seem that although Columbia has played a brave hand in so stepping to the fore, she is placing quite a premium on one examination.—Cornell Daily Sun.

Wouldn't That Be Gnice?

I'd like to be a little gnaf,
With gnot a thing to do;
I'd gnaw and gnibble here and there
And gnever stop 'till through,
Then when my head began to gnod,
I would gnot care a rap;
I'd put my little gnightie on,
And lie down for a gnaf.
—The Columbia Spectator.

It is generally thought in the East that Western colleges are in grave danger of being modelled after American college systems. The publicity given lately to Percy Williams, the Olympic star, made this impression particularly strong as regards the University of British Columbia. This, however, was not the opinion of Miss Jean Tolmie, last year's editor-in-chief of the U.B.C. periodical, the "Ubysey," and now taking graduate studies in the University of Toronto.—The Varsity.

The N.F.C.U.S. announced that the Imperial Conference of Students will be officially opened on September 6, 1929, at Montreal, Quebec, and will be held jointly at the University of Montreal and McGill University. Invitations have been sent out to all the universities in the British Empire to attend this gathering, and already satisfactory arrangements have been completed for the attendance of delegates.

A flag-pole that will take its place among the four tallest in the world is to be erected next Dominion Day at the University of British Columbia. The other three, one at Kew Gardens, London, England, at the Houses of Parliament, Victoria, and at the Court House, Vancouver, are all about 200 feet in height. It is expected that this new pole will be about equal to the one at Victoria.

Vacancy

Now the sun is slowly sinking,
In a picture-postcard sky,
And I sit here, tritely thinking,
What am I?

Thinking of the endless riddle
Of the living and the dead,
Squashing gnats upon the middle
Of my head.

—Erik Barnouw.

The Spirit of Progress

So it is. The few brave ones are ridiculed, slandered and condemned. The world cannot understand the spirit of chivalry, and the only reward to be had is the satisfaction of an evil corrected. But, say we, more power to the few who don't care for ridicule, slander or condemnation, but rush in, maybe like fools, but at least not like cowards, to change things according to their own ideals.—Daily Trojan.

Alberta took the first game of the inter-varsity rugby series when they came out on the long end of an 8-1 score against Saskatchewan. Freddie Hess was going in great style, and threatens to be star against Varsity this season.—The Manitoban.

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Committee Reports Proposed Student Government Change

Representative Council is Suggested as Remedy for Present Conditions—General Summary of Report is Given

NOTE: Many students will remember that last spring, following prolonged discussions on the question of student government, a committee was finally appointed to go into the question in detail during the summer, and to draw up a report to be presented to the Students' Union. It was generally felt that the old system of government was not working satisfactorily, but as no concrete suggestions could be offered at the time, the matter was left to the committee.

The present system of administration of the affairs of the Students' Union was instituted in 1908. The aims of the organizers were well set out in the introduction to the 1925 Constitution written by Mr. D. S. O. Mothersill.

In the last few years, however, there has been a feeling that the organization has not been operating as it was intended. There has been a difficulty in properly and efficiently carrying on the Students' Union business. The fact seemed to be that the Union—as a Union depending for its strength on the continued and active interest in the details of student business of a large number by students—was fast weakening. The student body had grown from a mere handful of several hundred to a body of about 1,000 students. No longer did each student carefully follow each and every student activity. No longer were there few faculties and only one or two class buildings. Scattered among eight faculties and departments and having little or no contact with other than his faculty students, the later day student did not take an interest in the Students' Union affairs. It became increasingly difficult to secure a quorum at meeting of the Union, only 80 members being needed. The only meetings lately possible were those called at 11:30 a.m., and then only about

300 students attended, and little business could be transacted.

As a result of this condition of affairs the Students' Council was compelled to handle all Union business, though not authorized to do so. Attempts to alter plans, set in motion important projects and develop student activities, along with the increased membership and financial resources were continually hampered. Fears of being called to account by the Union for exceeding its authority invested every forward movement of the Council, and it was impossible to achieve progress and decisive action.

It was in order to secure an escape from this state of affairs that the Students' Council recommended to the Union that a Committee be appointed to bring in a report on a new and more efficient system of government. The committee was appointed as above set out.

Work of the Committee

The committee met on several occasions during the summer, and a full discussion of every question was had. The committee had the advantage of the counsel and assistance of several past presidents of the Union and other interested alumni.

After careful consideration of all the factors involved, the Committee has seen fit to prepare a report advising the Students' Union to adopt some changes in the constitution such that the power over all student activities will rest in a small representative council and not in the student gathering as at present. This council shall have full authority both legislative and executive, and shall only be subject to the veto power of the Union.

Matters of discipline will also be dealt with in the changes of student government. The students courts as at present organized have powers ineffective, and a committee of students and faculty to handle questions of discipline is advised. This matter, with a fuller summary, will be dealt with in next week's issue of The Gateway.

ENGINEERS DEIGN TO INDULGE IN TEA

Proverbial Drink Eschewed—Address by Dean Boyle

"We are, we are, we are the Engineers"—and anyone who attended the afternoon tea held by the students of Applied Science, and did not come away filled to the brim with that fact—and tea—is all wet.

To begin with: the aforementioned tea-fight was an epic, if such terms may be applied to a tea party. Honest, no fooling. The guiding spirits, and they were such, knew their business. Perhaps they realized that that was the simplest way to retain their positions, perhaps it just happened. Anyhow, it was so, and will remain a stated fact for all time, that such were the earmarks of the occasion. Thoroughness—the room teemed with it. Good fellowship—the meeting reeked with it. Eats, and these were

truly eats of the first water, were served as man serves his fellow-man—sometimes. Tea—no man has ever drank tea as it should be unless he has looked into the beaming countenance of Scotty Neill as he poured forth the delectable refreshment. Hearken, ye Ag students, there was real cream to go with the aforementioned tea! Men have left home, women have joined the gym and had their faces lifted, poets have waxed eloquent and their audiences have wearied, over matters of lesser import than these.

The time was 4:30 Friday evening. The place was 111 Arts. The crowd—they were the Engineers. And the occasion? Oh, it was the first social gathering for the new term of the Applied Science students. If you haven't heard all this before, for your general information I might state that the new York Yanks won the recent World Series. Also that Mr. Tunney is now honeymooning.

To return to the crowd. Away back at registration time a bewildered Junior had remarked to one of his compeers, "Say, did you notice that half of these Freshmen are taking up Applied Science?" Well, they were all there. It was a real crowd that stowed away the tea and cake. After this little item of business was attended to, it was discovered that the room was altogether too small for the number of people who were crowded into it. So the meeting was peaceably dissolved, to immediately reassemble in 142, down the hall.

Here, with a full (more ways than one, cake mostly though) audience, Dean Boyle gave an address on the impressions he had received during his trip to Europe last summer.

In his opening remarks Dean Boyle gave some very reasonable advice to the new members. It was well indeed to defer to the opinions of your seniors—only don't allow them to persuade you to defer your subjects. For these were, and lest there be any misunderstanding on the score, he enumerated them, all important as bases for the senior work. Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry—perhaps the newer students might not appreciate their real value, but they formed the foundation subjects for an Engineer's career. Look to the future, not as the Tomorrow, but as the Day after Tomorrow, when the big position is at hand. Play the long game, and you are bound to win.

Passing on his experiences in Germany, where he has been engaged in research work, he said it was a source of surprise to see how Germany, a defeated country, had so swiftly risen again to a position of world importance. For organized research work Germany was at the top of the heap from which the other countries were still struggling to emerge. The old school of pre-war scientists, who combined the student and the statesman, still existed. She had not relaxed the least trifle from her former enterprises. The Kaiser Wilhelm Institutions for Research, highly standardized, state directed and subsidized, partly by popular subscription, partly by government grants, but chiefly by the industries with whom they worked, carried on an amazing amount of research work. It was a source of surprise, Dean Boyle said, to see the faith that the industries placed in the abilities of the scientists.

Enthusiastic Over Air Traffic. Another point, and Dean Boyle joyfully admitted the same, he came back on ardent air traffic enthusiast. His experience in this line had persuaded him that Canada was a virgin field for passenger air traffic. That it was much needed he was certain, and he was pleased with what steps had already been taken by various syndicates in this direction. He cited instances from Germany and Croydon, in England, to show the safety of this mode of travel.

Turning to the subject of radio, he decried the poor taste so frequently shown on Canadian programs, in contrast with those of the continent. He told of the different ways that other countries had used to awaken public interest in their stations. This also tended to banish the financial bogey so often painfully present on this side of the water.

Due to the press of other business, the Dean was forced to bring his most interesting address to a premature close. Some slight business, elections chiefly, was then taken up, with President Field in the chair. Mr. Litzner was elected as 5th year representative in place of the departed Mr. Stern-dale-Bennet. Fred Ennis was chosen by acclamation to represent the 1st year. Due to a slight hitch somewhere along the line, there were no minutes to be read.

Dr. Walker, Honorary President of the Club, gave a few words in praise of the activities of the club. Unlike certain other gatherings, this was one of real value and importance to the student body. It was more than a mere diversion, frequently being an aid and guide to those in doubt about their future courses.

The meeting was brought to a timely close, so that the crowd could get out and celebrate the victory of the Ag-Sci team over the Arts-Com-Law rugbyites. All in all, it was a big day for the boys who use the pen and angle.

THE TWENTY CLUB

On Monday afternoon the newly-formed "Twenty Club" met for the second time in the Science Building. This club, which is the youngest one on the campus and the first one of its kind to be formed here, purposes, as the name would indicate, to limit its membership to twenty. With Professor Adam as its mentor and advisor, the club will meet every week throughout the present season with the purpose of becoming familiar with and more adept at reading some of the more important modern dramatists. At least three plays will be prepared for production over the radio. At present, twenty or more students have signified their wish to

NORMAL SCHOOL TO BE ON CAMPUS

Government Definitely Chooses Site—Will be on 112th St. at Foot of Whyte Ave.

According to the present plans of the Department of Education, the new Normal school, which will be erected on 112th Street at the end of Whyte Avenue, will be completed next fall. The estimated cost of the building will be something over \$400,000. It will be thoroughly up-to-date in construction throughout and, among other facilities will contain a large gymnasium. It is expected that it will accommodate about five hundred students. The south wing will be a practice school and will relieve the need which is now felt in that section of the city for more adequate public school accommodation. The architecture and appearance of the school will be similar to that of the newer schools of the city, so that it will be an imposing addition to the group of buildings which now decorate the campus.

In placing the new school on the University grounds the Department of Education signifies its faith in the future growth and importance of our institution. Although present plans do not embrace any direct affiliation between the school and the University, the presence of the school on the campus will make possible the closest and most helpful co-operation between it and the educational course which is being organized this season.

DR. WALLACE SPEAKS AT SUNDAY SERVICE

New President Addresses First Sunday Service in Convocation Hall

The service in Convocation Hall was well attended on Sunday morning. President Wallace delivered an address which was both interesting and instructive.

Dr. Wallace took for his subject, "Quaecumque vera." He said truth is the conformity of our practices to the inner light, and religion must be individual because we are different. He believed that truth moves from point to point, and because we are finite we can see but one aspect of it. He represented truth as a great building beside which the human race passes. The student has a new view. The old people see the ivy-covered wing kissed by the rays of the setting sun. There is no need to quarrel. There are aspects and different points of view.

"The only truth is the truth within yourselves," he said, and urged the young people to be true to themselves. He then spoke of the Man who two thousand years ago had a vision and followed it. He followed it when His friends failed Him, and even God seemed to forsake Him. But because of this the world has turned a happier face to the coming dawn. There is greater sympathy among men and the world is better.

In conclusion, Dr. Wallace said he hoped the young men and women in the wilderness of doubt and difficulty would be true to themselves, and when they saw the vision they would follow.

BRITISH SCIENTIST VISITS UNIVERSITY

Dr. Charles Elton, Premier English Ecologist, is Making Tour of Canada

All students of zoology will be interested in the recent visit to the University of Dr. Charles Elton, of Oxford University, one of England's premier ecologists. Dr. Elton is very well known in scientific circles, having recently published a large volume on ecology, as well as numerous articles in scientific journals. He is at present touring Canada with the object of gathering information on rabbit-mouse cycles; it is his intention to publish a volume on these cycles next year. As Professor Rowan, of the University of Alberta, is one of the few Canadian zoologists who have made a careful study of this field, he and Dr. Elton had several valuable discussions on the subject, as well as carrying out some practical investigations in the Edmonton district. In case any Freshmen should be mystified as to the significance of a "mouse cycle," the term means merely the variation in the number of mice, which in some years is quite noticeable, and which has been discovered to be fairly regular. Then most interesting thing about these cycles is the fact that they are usually followed by an influenza epidemic. "As Canada has one of these cycles this year, the chances are about one to five that we shall have an epidemic of influenza next year," Professor Rowan says. Beware!

become members, so that no more applications can be considered immediately. Any others who are really interested and who would like to join at the earliest opportunity should speak with Prof. Adam or J. A. Farrell at once.

At the meeting on Monday practically every member was present, either to take part in or to listen to the reading of J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Officers were elected, and it was decided that failure of any member to attend three consecutive meetings would indicate sufficient sign of disinterest to warrant that member leaving the club. After a few timely remarks from Prof. Adam re Barrie and this particular play, six members proceeded to read the first act much to their own benefit and to the interest and amusement of the other fourteen members.

Victorious Track Team Feted At Dinner in Athabasca Hall

Dr. Wallace Congratulates Winners in Charming Words—Dr. McEachran Praises Team—Fritz Werthenbach Gives Touching Address—Reg Hamilton Presented With Gift

The members of the greatest Track Team in Alberta's history were honoured guests of the student body at an informal banquet in Athabasca dining-room on Tuesday evening. Representatives of the University took their place at the supper hour with the now famous athletes around a special table placed in an honoured position among the many tables lined with students. As the meal progressed all eyes were irresistibly turned toward the magnificent Cairns Trophy, gaily decorated in Green and Gold ribbon, which graced the centre of the board. Fitting reference was made by every speaker in the remarks which followed to the splendid achievement of the University of Alberta's 1928 Track Team in winning this Trophy, and winning it by such a large margin, when it had been in the continuous possession of Manitoba for eight years. The hope of all was that it might remain in Alberta for many years to come.

Thos. H. Askin, President of the Students' Union, acting as chairman of the gathering, called upon Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University, to say a few words. Dr. Wallace gave the Track Team great praise, and stated his belief that this present victory would make for something worth while in the future. The slowness, the lack of enthusiasm, that has existed in track activities because of Manitoba's constant winning, should now be no more. With Alberta's victory comes a new spirit of competition, a new growth of enthusiasm. In conclusion, Dr. Wallace said: "We are proud of the men's track team, we are proud of our individual champion, Harold Wright, and we are proud of the ladies too, who, although they did not win, gave of their best. I would like to congratulate the men as men who have been a real credit to their University."

Dr. MacEachran Never Prouder

Like Dr. Wallace, Dr. MacEachran, who accompanied the team to Winnipeg, paid a glowing tribute to the athletes. "I do not suppose I was ever prouder of a group of students than I was of this year's Track Team, men and women alike," he declared. "I hope we may keep this Cup for several years. I think we may. And I hope that next year there may be another cup on this table, the Women's Cup."

The Captain Replies

Fred (Fritz) Werthenbach, Captain of the Track Team, in rising to reply to these tributes, commented upon the fact that all members of the team had taken colds in Winnipeg as well as taking everything else. He stressed the fact that although each man did not secure the same number of points, yet all worked together for an end, and the teamwork was excellent. Telling each other that they were all in the

pink of condition had a wonderful psychological effect. "I wish to thank the team, the University, the students," said Mr. Werthenbach. "Everyone had some part in helping us to victory." In conclusion, he paid a noble tribute to the untiring work of Reg Hamilton, President of the Track Club, so largely responsible for the success, and on behalf of the Senior Track Team made a presentation to Mr. Hamilton as a sign of their appreciation. In a few suitable words Mr. Hamilton accepted.

Mr. Askin, calling to mind the unfailing services of Coach Tait, who was unfortunately unable to be present, gave to him also a part of the glory which came from victory. He then passed on to introduce the members of the teams: Miss Ethel Barnett, Len Cockle, Miss Doris Calhoun, Mickey Crockett, Bill Gungavich, Butch Glasgow, Miss Gladys Fry, Ben Lyons, Harold Wright, Miss Gwen Roxburgh.

One further member of the men's team, Norman McLeod, was reported as still absent in Winnipeg. Each of the others rose to receive the students' ovation, and three hearty cheers followed by a rousing Varsity yell from two hundred throats brought the banquet to a close.

WAUNEITA RECEPTION

The Wauneita have announced the date of the annual reception as Friday, October 19. It has become necessary to limit the tickets to five hundred, for that number is the greatest that can dance comfortably in the Athabasca dining room. The tickets are being distributed to the Wauneita members, who may obtain two tickets upon paying the fee for the year or upon payment of seventy-five cents. Any tickets not thus disposed of will become available to the men students at a time and place announced. As the reception is intended to introduce new students to the social life of the university, preference will, as far as possible, be extended to the Freshmen.

The Varsity Orchestra is to be responsible for the music.

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MEREJKOWSKI

There is a tremendous purpose back of the writings of a man like Tolstoi, Dostoevski, or Merejkowski, their sole disciple in the new generation. They are writing for men and women and not to amuse but to make them think.

Merejkowski's novels are not as unpleasant as those of his masters. His political work is done more in essays, in impassioned outbursts which force one, even though unwillingly, to grant the justice of his tenets, the force of his plea for liberty. "The last ideal of a future state," he says, "can only consist in the creation of new religious forms of thought and affairs: a new religious synthesis between the individual and society composed of unending love and unending liberty."

Merejkowski has combined the rare gifts of great imaginative talent and clear-headed reason. He is the exponent of practical idealism in art. His criticisms are merciless but tear down not for deduction's sake, but to reach a firm foundation on which he may and does build. One feels that he is always consciously seeking a solution so that his ideals may conquer. They may not be our ideals, but however we may judge them, we cannot doubt that Merejkowski is a sincere and able champion.

Those of his books which are most commonly known in our country are the Trilogy of Christ and Anti-Christ, three powerful historical novels. Merejkowski is no mere story teller; he is an able psychologist and a poet. His subtle analysis and keen perceptions paint radiant pictures on the background of history. His stories follow no unities of time or place; they are a mass of brilliant scenes, each separate, almost complete, yet each fitting into the whole as do the pieces of a puzzle. His background is minutely accurate and his character studies vivid and real.

The three books in the Trilogy are connected only by the struggles through which the characters of each pass, struggles which convulse man today. In the first "The Death of the Gods," we see Julius Caesar, last champion of dying paganism, overthrown by the new Christian spirit, which wins him despite himself. Then we are plunged into the gay life of the Renaissance, the gods have risen again and the ceaseless war goes on for Christianity and its fiery prophet, Savonarola, are far from vanquished. And finally, we see the struggle in Russia under Peter the Great—the tragedy of Alexis, the power of human will.

But the conflict is not over nor will it ever be. The power of such books is to show the constantly recurring war in man's nature, the struggle between man's soul and senses for mastery. Here is the dominating note in all Merejkowski's work, the dualism of human nature. Paganism or Christianity, which shall it be, or can we reconcile the two? Our Fathers said renounce the flesh, there are no half-way measures; but Merejkowski teaches that the ideal to strive for is an equilibrium between the two, a balanced acceptance of the truth both of Dionysius and of Christ.

We may dismiss the strange ideals for which the Russian is fighting and in failing to grasp their meaning, sink back into our restful orthodoxy with, perhaps, a faint feeling of dissatisfaction at its mediocrity. But the Russian never reaches his goal and races on forever clambering up towards those mountain tops from which he will see the first rays of his new day.

—G. C.

Alarm Clocks

By M.

An alarm clock is best described as a necessity before acquisition, and a beastly nuisance ever afterwards. The lack of one provides an irrefutable excuse for lateness at breakfast, absence at lectures, and failure to put in an appearance at church. Many a time have we heard the overworked student sigh as he went to get his attendance after a lecture. "This would never happen if I only had an alarm clock." On the other hand, the possession of an alarm clock has never made anyone happier. Or if it has, then the groans that are heard all along the corridor as the alarm gives vent to its merry "Hail! here's the morn!" prove that man has indeed a strange manner of expressing his gratification.

Some alarms have a matter-of-fact, business-like burr which is merely annoying, not exasperating; others have a harsh raucous imperative note which seems to say that there is no room here for delay. Then there is the intermittent alarm, which seems to take great pleasure in watching until one is safely back into sleep, and then starting up all over again. These are all bad, but none are so temper-trying as the alarm with the sweet, cheerful, merry tinkle coming at a time when few people are disposed to feel particularly cheerful or merry.

Just as there are many types of alarms, so there are many types of owners. The most common is probably the oblivious owner, who religiously sets his alarm at half-past

The Pig's Eye

The Fleet's In! and with it, guess who? Yes, Mrs. Bow's little girl, Clara. She hadn't been abroad at all as it proves. Just a sweet little dance hall girl with inhibitions who loved her sailor man. In fact she loved the entire Pacific fleet and one or two Frisco bulls as well. She throws the whole works for a loss and never a dirty name said. Lost seamen, every man. Man and boy, we've seen some Arts hikes, but this is high powered lovin'. By the time this blurb appears the fleet will be out of town again, but if you didn't see it's your own dam' fault.

There isn't much plot to the picture. The matlo's mix it in the final scene just because Clara got her men a teeny weeny bit off centre. Then the cops jug the boy friend, and he's all fixed for ten nights in the bar-room and twenty more, when up comes Clara and says that she's been—she's—well, pretty bad. The judge throws the case out, and what happens then is just too bad if you didn't see it.

Sometimes in our saner moments we wonder why we write this column. (How's that, Prof?) Here we spend night after night in every kind of dive looking for "human interest"

LE RUGBY

Maintenant que le soleil nous réchauffe un peu moins, quand l'été vient de nous dire adieu, et que l'automne nous offre le retour aux livres, la plume croit le moment venu de nous servir.

Nous lui disons: va, folle amazone, va chevaucher les steppes infinies de la vie artistique et littéraire; court, fier héraut, souffler la trompette de l'enthousiasme aux stades joyeux que va couvrir la jeunesse sportive universitaire.

Octobre donne officiellement le premier coup de botte dans le ballon. Les "bleus et or" sont lancés dans les dures passes du rugby. Et quiconque assiste avec intérêt à leurs pratiques quotidiennes, qui sont un vrai déploiement d'ardeur, peut augurer du bon sport foudroyant pour la saison qui s'ouvre.

Les équipiers ont déjà acquis un magnifique contrôle sur le ballon; la ligne d'attaque est souple et scientifique, son arrière-défense est solide, est sa ligne intermédiaire est à même d'aler l'attaque et la défense. Le tout vous fait penser à une armée formidable que rien ne peut vaincre.

Le spectacle vous enivre et vous fait voir au-dessus des joueurs, un écran imaginaire où le mot "rugby" serait écrit en lettres de feu.

Il y a des "tackles" tout-à-fait intéressants, (des plaquages) si vous aimez mieux, et aussi des ruées plus qu'amusantes.

A l'une de ces pratiques, mon voisin, qui était un anglo-saxon, et qui a le goût de ce sport de la tête jusqu'aux pieds, vient de s'exclamer: "Gee, what a gorgeous kick!" à la vue d'un superbe coup de pied qui déclancha un "touchdown" surprenant. Il fallait que ce fut un coup de pied bien placé.

—Le Quartier Latin.

six, intending to do some work before breakfast for a change, and invariably sleeps right through the alarm. This type of owner is a particularly convenient neighbour, and soon everyone in the corridor is depending upon his alarm, for as he never fails to wind it and never wakes up to turn it off he is sure to awaken even the most remote neighbour before it runs down. Another type is the man who wakes up about half a minute before the alarm is due to go off, and after reaching out and preventing it, settles into a comfortable second sleep. He, by the way, is always a man who would never awaken by himself unless there was an alarm to be turned off; and he is also one who "doesn't know what he would do without his alarm clock in the mornings." Then there is a third type, though seldom seen, the owner who jumps out at the first sound of the alarm, turns it off and proceeds to dress. This type, however, is very rare, and is usually captured and taken away by alarm clock manufacturers, to be used for advertising purposes.

stuff, and our Old and New Testament Literature gets farther and farther behind. We have no time left for the "better things in life," not even a game of snooker. What with the children growing up and one thing and another, it's high time we quit this fool game and settled down to reading Gateway editorials. There's gold in them there teeth! (Sorry, Matt. Just wholesome fun.)

But we are going to see Jawb Barrymore in "Tempest." We know the plot right now of course. Any one who saw "The Last Command" does. In this case the poor but honest peasant Joneski rises steppe by steppe until he becomes an officer. The girl does him dirt, and then the proletariat come to the aid of Hollywood. (Proletariat is a Russian word for "dirty neck.") There are some bloody scenes and the ultimate climax. We dislike pictures of this type, but we must see Barrymore. He has so many things we haven't got, including a torso which looks like—well, a torso. And he's a white man, not a Wop.

We have often wondered if he is of the ancient house of Barrymore. One of the originals left Ireland under considerable pressure and went to France, where he founded the family Du Barry. You will recall from your History 3 what a great little pal one of the Du Barry girls was to Louis. But as we've often said to Minnie, you know what these French are.

Here we are at the end of another column, and the bally thing is nothing but another show review. We've always wanted to do good through our writings, but it just can't be.

Honestly, we get so discouraged at times. Here today and here tomorrow. We can't even tell dirty stories like Cass. It's a rotten life. But we

must go on—and on—and on. Ah! the shame of it. You must come and see us some time.

—H. D. S.

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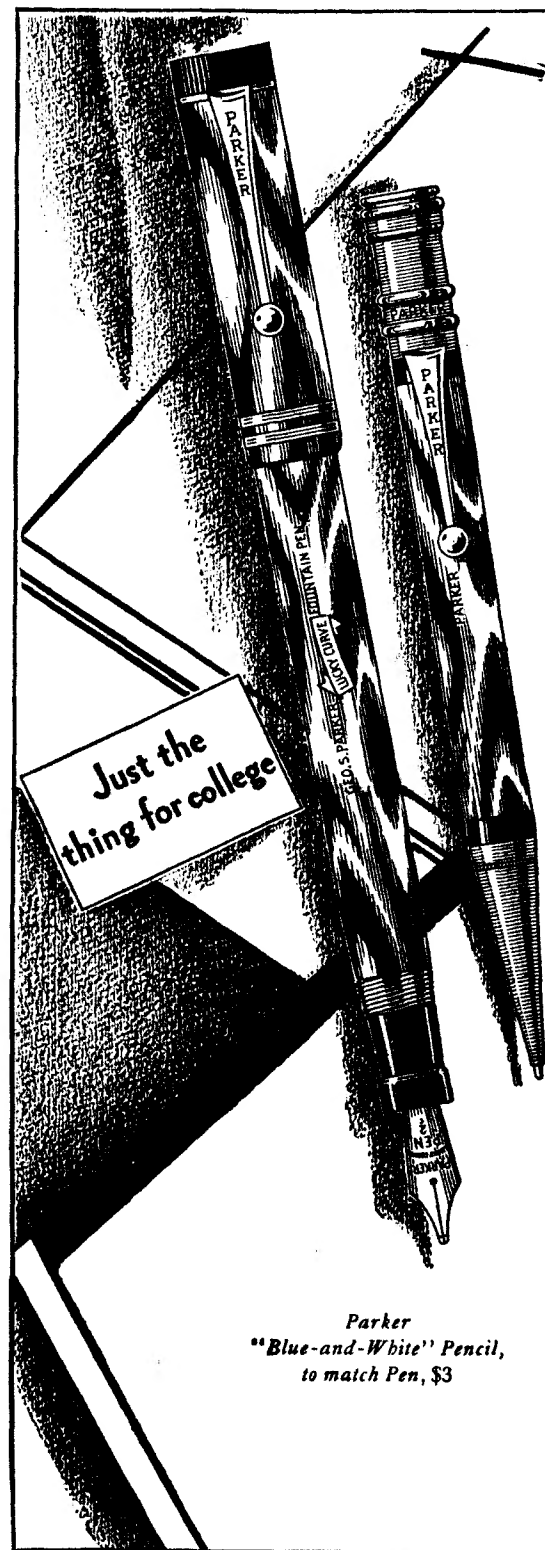
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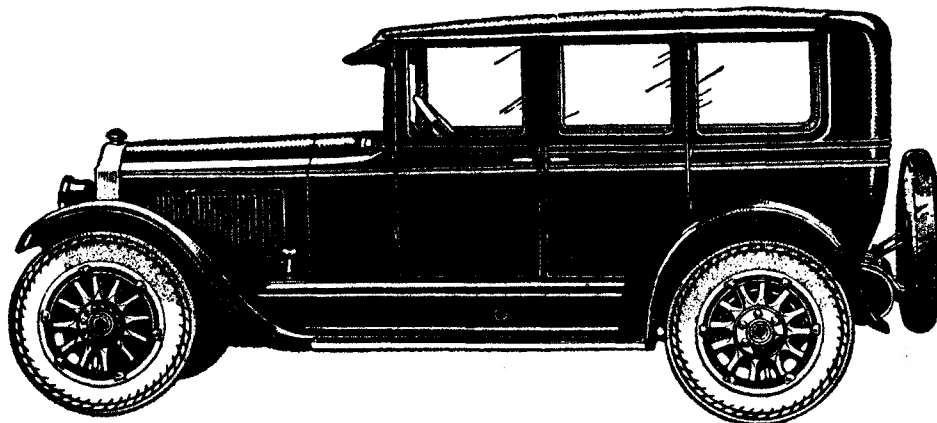
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FINALITY

By Lerov

On a bright July afternoon a man was climbing along a steep cliff overhanging a trout stream in the Canadian Rockies. Far below him he saw the desideratum of all fishermen—a deep eddy pool whirling under a waterfall. It was a good trout pool, if ever there was one. Before essaying the risky descent necessary to get within casting distance of the pool, he paused on a wide rock ledge for a short rest.

Suddenly the bright exhilaration which had seemed the keynote of the day passed from him. He had thought that for one day he could put from him the deep hate of a lifetime which had branded his whole existence with the longing for revenge—revenge against the man who, twenty years before, had done him a terrible and irreparable wrong. He had sworn that nothing would ever atone but the death of his enemy. But in spite of the earlier happy mood of the day which had temporarily obliterated this blight of his life, in spite of his effort to forget it, the old passion for revenge came flooding back into consciousness.

By a terrific mental effort the solitary figure threw the thought from his mind, and resolving to enjoy the day to the full, he started his descent down the cliff.

Nearing the bottom, after a perilous climb down the steep rock, made slippery by the flying foam from the waterfall, the fisherman unreeled his line and prepared for the first cast. Then, to his amazement, he heard a cry of distress from close at hand. Looking around, he saw nothing. But on dropping his eyes to the edge of the steep ledge of rock below him which fell directly into the boiling caldron of the whirlpool, he saw two hands gripping the rocks. Hastily he clambered to the edge, braced his feet against a spur of rock, seized the hands, and slowly, and by Herculean effort, managed to pull the unfortunate to safety. Inch by inch he strove until the top of the man's head came into sight. Still he struggled, and after another desperate effort, the head and shoulders came fully into view.

The rescuer found himself looking directly into the face of his life-long enemy.

DUCKS

A rather engaging manuscript has come to my hand during the past week. After scanning it, I find it to be most peculiar stuff. Some portions are quite pleasing; others appear false and fantastic. Nevertheless it is all interesting, and that alone will justify its appearance in a newspaper. I make no editorial corrections, and confess, as I pass it on for your perusal, that to me many of its notions are mad and bewildering. Here it is.

"Some time ago I happened, during my travels through the Northland, upon an island colony of ducks; rather too large and scattered to be termed a separate flock. This congregation of birds was hidden away on a flat bit of marshy country to the south of a broad and turbulent river, and numbered, I am convinced, considerably more than a thousand. That it had gathered there for some purpose seemed evident; what the purpose was, has not, to this day, been explained to me. Its habits were so singular that I spent several years in their study.

"I remarked, almost immediately, that the ducks were of different ages, and that the younger and more timid of them (possibly the product of the spring's brood) were marked distinctively. The green on the wings was strangely pronounced, and the bills were of bright shining yellow. An odd tuft of feathers grew as a crest on the head. These marks vanished as the ducks attained maturity. In the same connection I could not help noticing that the young ducks were being continuously tyrannized by the older birds. Feeding places were restricted, flying-times were prescribed, and mating for the young drakes was withheld for a certain period. As soon as the ducklings were able to fend for themselves, the proscriptions were removed.

"At first glance the whole colony, with the exceptions mentioned above, appeared to be self-governing and of co-equal rights. Later I discovered that by an incomprehensible code of gabbling and quacking, commands were given by a small band of veteran drakes, who lived a distance apart in austere seclusion. These elders were guarded by the more able-bodied birds, and their food, consisting of the most delicate and savoury wildlife that grew in the country, was gathered and prepared for them.

"The hours of 10:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. were appointed for feeding, although the first-named meal was but indifferently well attended. After a brace of birds would be seen, bent for food, mounting over the trees, either an hour before or after this time. The spot usually frequented was to the east of the marsh. Here the choicest herbs and roots flourished, and ducks and drakes together puddled and dived and splashed in keenest enjoyment.

"After a considerable time I became sensible of this fact—that at a certain season of the year all the birds would migrate and leave the marshes for several months, quiet and deserted. A few weeks previous to this annual exodus, and possibly the cause of it, disease would strike into the flocks, and many a plump and healthy bird met death in this fashion. By some premonition they seemed aware of the approaching plague, but were until the last quite unable to combat it. I was deeply saddened by the great number of carcasses left behind in the marsh last year.

"The habits of a certain flock of widgeon (a rather prettily marked bird) fascinated me. This flock was either appointed to the protectorship of the colony, or else volunteered to that capacity. Being poor flyers, they are somewhat compensated by a dogged persistence in movement, and used to perform certain laborious manoeuvres (I would swear that it was a rudimentary drill) on a stretch of soft ground set aside for the purpose. Here they would waddle solemnly to and fro, quacking raucously, and going through any number of ineffectual gestures. I could divine neither their purpose nor their value."

These are only some of the observations of this astounding naturalist. That his statements are entirely true is to me quite improbable, yet I believe that we can find a measure of truth in them. . . . Mysterious stuff, you will admit—but quite interesting.

—KILBURN.

The Book Shelf of a Thousand Threads

This morning the large new book with its modernistic wrapper had been hurriedly jammed upon the crowded little shelf. This evening, after coping with the solid texts of current courses which had arrogated the whole end of the desk, the reader turned to the shelf. The large new book slipped out and with it two others.

"This shelf is too small for the odds and ends of books that travel with me. Strange shelf-mates they are, though I hadn't noticed it before. The men and women who owned them once would make strange company for each other—a silent company."

This new, new Shaw, his latest, that Robert lent me, is so young and so flagrant. It has no history beyond bookshop Robert and I—and that's short enough. But with some of these others, the threads are not so clear. The net they make spreads far and no one knows it all. A little way down the lives of these men and one has lost the plot.

Now, Mrs. B.—gave me this set of Macaulay. They were her husband's, and she couldn't be bothered packing them when they went to Victoria. It was either the tea-set or that. Good fellow, B.—, but how you would have hated Robert even for reading about Socialism, much more for discussing it as he does sometimes. Yet here the Shaw stands beside your histories, that made a dignified appearance but didn't get read much, I'm sure. What's this! Memories of Miss S—, she did read French, and left me her Voltaire when she went back to England. I wonder what she would

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Price complete as above, \$180.

A FABLE FOR CO-EDS

I'll tell you, children, if you're good, Of Anastasia Walters-Wood. She used to make a shocking noise, And played with all the roughest boys.

She climbed up trees and tore her dress, And got in such a dreadful mess That her poor mother used to cry, "Oh wretched, wretched woman I! My daughter stoops to vulgar tricks, Like climbing trees and heaving bricks."

Let's have another look at you —What a hell of a mess you've got into!"

But fond mamma was often blind, For in a few more years we find That Anastasia grew up free, A lithe, untrammelled soul was she. Altho' the mater, staid and prim, Deplored her daughter's length of limb,

Her mantelpiece held rows of prizes, And tennis cups, the largest sizes. At college she refused to go, The bull professors love to throw, But cried out "Blah!" and "Tommyrot!"

When they waxed eloquent for naught, These tactics pleased the learned ginks, Who muttered, "Ha! the creature thinks!" They took a friendly interest in her And even brought her home to dinner,

Which as you know insures a first, Or eighth at the very worst. The college youths who always like The girls who skate and dance and hike

Found Anastasia always set To walk or ski or talk or pet. And so they formed themselves in queues,

And pressed their suits by threes and twos. She married Percy Sykesalvyne And lives in riches on the Drive.

Moral

The lady who is good and nice In '28 cuts little ice, So let her moult on the shelf— Take off the brakes, and be yourself! —G.B.R. & E.P.Y.

Mediterranean Impressions

As Told by Dr. Hardy to Gateway Reporter

Dr. Hardy, of the Department of Classics, has just returned from an extended trip to the Continent of Europe, more particularly its southern portion. The list of countries he visited is long and interesting, including many places, extending from Greece to England.

Landing at the Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, Dr. Hardy was particularly struck by the beauty and color of the Greek mountains, which, though barren and almost entirely devoid of vegetation, are yet wonderfully colored, producing a unique effect. The fact, little realized as a usual thing, is that the whole of Greece is a veritable sea of mountains.

The Greek boatmen, who, in their little blue and red boats, met the steamers as they came to anchor in the harbour of the Piraeus, Dr. Hardy says, are of a particularly ferocious variety, waiting to tear one limb from limb in their eagerness to pick up passengers.

Then to Athens, a strange mixture of the ancient city, the oriental city, and the modern metropolis. The predominance of mud buildings gives to Athens an oriental appearance, which cities further west in Europe entirely lack. A feature lacking, too, on our side of the ocean, is the tuneful horns of the taxi-cabs, which are continually sounded as the cars dash about the streets.

In rural Greece, outside of the city of Athens, he found the poverty and simplicity of the life of the peasants one of the most striking features of the country. The peasants' methods of cutting their grain in little "tennis-court" fields with a sickle and bringing it by donkey to the old-fashioned threshing-floors, where it is flailed out, are so far removed from modern conceptions of farming that one can hardly imagine that one is really in the twentieth century. As a matter of fact, upon setting foot in this strangely primitive country, one is taken back many hundreds of years, to the time when this mode of life was the accepted thing throughout the world.

The ruins which abound in Greece come far beyond expectations. One has a feeling before visiting such a place for the first time, that probably the monuments have been far overrated, and that the reality will fall far below one's expectations. In Greece, however, this is certainly not the case, and especially in Knossos in Crete, where the genius of Sir Arthur Evans is reconstructing in a most remarkable manner the Minoan monuments of over two thousand years ago. Here one feels that no description could fully do justice to the reality.

Between the Greek art and the Roman, as exemplified in their buildings, there is a world of difference. Whereas the Greeks built for all time, with stone through and through, the Romans built of brick and concrete and faced their buildings with stone.

In so far as the modern aspect of Italy goes, one of the most striking features is the industry, order and discipline of the country under Mussolini, or "Il Signor Smith" as he is known familiarly to the Italians. Italy today has certainly hearkened back to Roman times and become "Imperially minded," and there is considerable real danger to be apprehended in the clash of her interests with those of France. Mussolini is doing his best to foster this "Imperial Mindfulness" by encouraging the excavation of Roman monuments as fast and as completely as possible, in order to bring home to the Italian people their connection with the Romans. In Italy, however, there is

Prize Feature Contest

The Gateway wishes to announce that a prize of fifteen dollars will be paid to the writer of the best feature of serious content, and another of the same value to the writer of the best humorous feature, which appears in The Gateway between now and the publishing of the Christmas issue.

The contest is open to all students of the University. Contestants may enter any number of features, at any time between now and December 15. For publication in a current issue, the contribution must be in at this office not later than Monday night of the week in which the writers desire their features to appear. Features submitted must contain at least 700, and not more than 1,200 words.

The Gateway reserves the right to reject any manuscript. Manuscripts must be written on only one side of the paper, and the name of the writer must appear on a separate slip of paper.

The judge will be Dr. W. H. Alexander.

SCIENTIFIC WIT

Or

Permutations and Combinations

Sheldon, Campbell, Cook, Teach the Math. Campbell, Cook and Sheldon Strew graphs across our path, While Cook and Sheldon, Campbell Live in world's up in the air. And Cook and Sheldon, Campbell, Cook Make Freshmen tear their hair. (Ed. Note.—If any.)

Dear face that holds so broad a smile for me Were your feet not nines, how sweet the world would be. I know no pocket-book that could replace

All the money swallowed, in feeding that dear, dear face.

Dear Editor: I am a young girl, nineteen. Is it proper for me to attend classes where bare appellations and naked eyes are mentioned.

—Geraldine.

Dear Geraldine: If you are nineteen, you are old enough to attend lectures without hearing anything. Consult the sophomore girls.

—Editor.

A Full House

(A Sea-Faring Comedy in One Act)

Enter Mrs. Noah (very much flustered).

Mrs. Noah: "Noah, my dear, do hurry—the Prince will be here to launch the boat any moment, and half the luggage isn't in yet. There's a huge crowd waiting on the wharf. It's the biggest event of the season, and I shall die of shame if everything doesn't go off well. Premier Baldwin is making a speech too, and the Prince will shake hands with us. We'll show Lindbergh a speedy trip. Is my dress all right? Do straighten your collar, and hold your head up."

Enter Prince of Wales and Premier Baldwin, also many other famous people. Newspaper reporters and movie cameras prominent.

Mrs. Noah: "How d'ye do, your Highness. Noah's gone to get the wine (exit Noah) and the ship's full and the crew also."

(Enter Ham, dragging an unwilling Ichthyosaurus by a pale blue ribbon. There is great consternation in the crowd, many resigning their places in favor of the newspaper reporters.)

Ham: "Look, Mother, isn't he a real beauty, and to think we nearly sailed without him. I found him browsing in the meadow. His left hip is missing, but they have sent

out an expedition from Alberta University and hope to recover it before we sail."

Mrs. Noah (nearly overcome): "Really, Ham, you might be more considerate. Fancy discovering an animal of that size at the last moment, when everything is packed—and the Prince waiting too. Why didn't you bury the animal and forget about him?—yes, your Highness, right away; (calling) Noah, Noah! bring the wine and do hurry."

Enter Mrs. Ham: "Mother, where's Trixie, he's my pet Dinousaur. I bought him at the W.A. sale, and he sleeps on my bed every night. What! no private staterooms left. Well, what shall I do with Trixie?"

G. B. Shaw (sotto voce): "Drown him!"

Enter Japheth (very much excited): "Mother! my girl friend wants to know what you did with the Hebrew alphabet that Dr. Mercer dug out of the Garden of Eden and gave her for a souvenir."

Mrs. Noah (in despair): "Noah, bring the champagne and hurry up." Enter Noah fingering his A. O. F. B. cuff links and singing lustily, "The more we are together the merrier we will be."

Mussolini (sharply): "Shoot your linen!"

Mrs. Noah: "Where's the wine?" Noah: "Winc? What wine? Oh—I—I drank it."

Mrs. Noah (fainting): "And it's our last bottle."

(CURTAIN)

Epilogue—recited in a touching manner by G. K. Chesterton. "And Noah has sinned and we have sinned"

On tipsy feet we trod And the curse of water is on us Because of the wrath of God. And there's water on the Bishop's Board.

And the highest thinker's shrine, But I don't care where the water goes If it doesn't get into the wine." —M. W.

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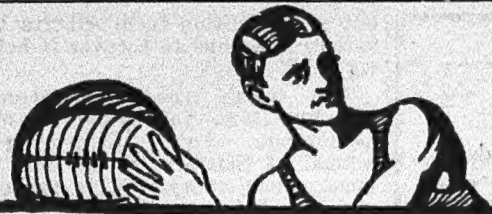
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SPORTS



Far-Famed Calgary Tigers Play Varsity on Saturday

Varsity Will Present Much Stronger Team With the Addition of Timothy and Hess—Game Timed for 3 p.m., at Varsity Grid

The greatest rugby football team ever to carry the yellow and black colours of the Calgary Tigers since the great days of 1913! This is the general verdict of the rugby fans in the southern part of the province. The Bengal team is a happy combination of speed, experience and weight, a combination that goes a long way towards producing a grid-iron aggregation of championship calibre. They have played only one game to date, defeating the Edmonton Eskimos 18-4.

This team plays the Green and Gold at the Varsity Grid this Saturday. When the referee's whistle blows at 3 p.m. the Varsity team is going to have the toughest kind of assignment to produce a win.

Four Ex-Varsity Men on Tigers—According to reports emanating from the bovine burg which nestles among the southern foothills, the

Tiger team has on its roster four men who used to wear a green and gold uniform. These players are D. P. MacDonald, '27, at end; Red MacLaren, '26, middle wing; Ross Henderson, '25, at quarter; and Wink Potter at inside. These four add a tower of strength to the team, and they each played a great game against the Eskimos.

The backfield is very fast, and contains real stars, such as Fidler and McLeod, and Jenkins, who has played American football in the all the ear-marks of being the big University of Michigan, and who has noise before the end of the season. A new man, Wright, from Queen's, is now turning out; he is the man who was being groomed to take Batstone's place this year, and is a beautiful drop kicker and broken field runner; in so far as punting is concerned, Hess shouldn't have any trouble in outkicking any of the Calgary backfield, but the Varsity ends will have a tough time in getting down on his kicks, as Calgary's two ends are good, particularly Gideon, who plays opposite to D.P. All of which sounds good enough on paper.

The Green and Gold Opposition—What kind of a team is Varsity going to field against the southern invaders? It has to be a better team than that which bowed before the Eks last Saturday, and it is. The

(Continued on page eight)

STARRED ON SATURDAY



GUSTAV RUNGE

Who was much in evidence during last Saturday's game against the Eskimos. Time and again he tore holes in the enemy's line, and he used his 185 lbs. to good advantage on the offensive. Gus was badly crocked in the game two weeks ago, but you can't keep a good man down; he was up and ready to go against the Eks, and he is again ready to take a crack at the Tigers on Saturday. Gus is an old hand at rugby, having learned the game at S'cona High and Edmonton Normal, and this is his second year with the Varsity Seniors. He is a man to watch on Saturday.

BOB HILL IS BACK

We are delighted to learn on going to press that Bob Hill, rugby half-back de luxe, is back in the game. Bob retired because of injuries sustained in the game with the Regina Rough Riders two years ago, which were still bothering him, but he has unexpectedly recovered enough to go back to his old love.

Watch Varsity now!

SPORTING SLANTS

We did it! And how! Alberta finds it difficult to express her thanks to you, gang. At last the Cairns Cup is ours.

The reception we gave you? Pitifully inadequate to fully express our feelings. 'Twill be eclipsed only when the rugby lads bring home the Hardy Cup, November the twelfth.

Nosed out by three to five points in the last two years, the Green and Gold has set her track supremacy beyond all doubt, by swamping Manitoba under a 28-point lead. Watch us hold it!

Modesty is the true mark of a hero. No one will doubt after meeting Wright, the individual champion, upon his return, that he possesses this quality in abundance. Regina's loss is indeed Edmonton's gain.

Oh, "Butch"! You speedy, tireless little cyclone! A very large share of the honors go to you. The way you offered the best lane to Harold in the hundred is a gesture that won our hearts completely. That he refused the sacrifice is no less admirable.

Too bad, co-eds—had you had a full team, Alberta would have at least stood an equal chance of winning. We hear you did us credit on the trip.

Heads up, gang! 'Twill be small comfort to the Eks if you set Calgary Tigers on their necks Saturday. They may laugh, but we know you can do it!

What was lacking last week? We opine that it was that "get-together" spirit. When you lost confidence, the Eks found easy holes.

Backbone? To hold 'em for three downs on our one yard line certainly shows no lack of weakness around the spinal column.

Hope you'll be back in the line soon, Ken. To go back in with a kick such as you received shows just that spirit which is Varsity's at her best.

What does Wally Sterling think? He smiles, and quietly says, "We've got our eye on that rugby cup, boys. On your marks!"

ESKIMOS AGAIN DEFEAT VARSITY

Ragged Game on Saturday Ends 18-6 For the Overtown Boys

Playing without the services of her three outstanding men — Johnny Woods, Freddy Hess and Mickey Timothy, and with a line that at no stage of the game held like the line that stopped Saskatchewan, Varsity put up a very disappointing exhibition of rugby when she bowed to the Edmonton Eskimos 18-6. Had it not been for the encouraging reports of the W.C.I.A.U. track meet at Winnipeg, which were dispensed to the crowd at intervals during the afternoon, we verily believe many would have died of heartbreak. Only at very rare intervals, and certainly not in the first quarter, did the Green and Gold show anything like their style of the week before. The boys tried, there was no doubt of that, but the remodelled machine never got going on all six. Hess's mighty boot was sorely missed. Al Hall ably took his place, but when he was laid off with an injured nose for part of the game, the kicking was pathetic to behold. Furthermore, the line repeatedly crumbled and failed to give the kicker protection. Stuart's touchdown for the Eks on a blocked kick was a severe lesson in this regard. Where is the line that held the Green and White? That is one of the unsolved mysteries of the universe.

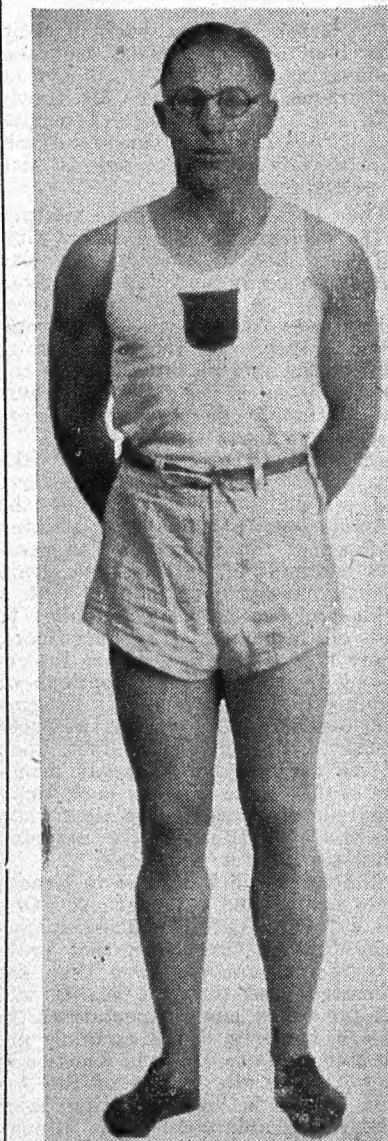
The Pick of the Teams—McLennan and Jones played the best game for the winners, with Stuart a close third. For the Green and Gold, Runge, Prittie and Hall kept things going.

First Score—The Eks lost no time when the whistle blew at 3 o'clock in laying up a little reserve for a rainy day. Scarcely had things got under way, when Jones put a beautiful drop over the bar to net his team three points. It was as sweet a kick as we have seen in many a day, delivered from the forty-yard line in perfect style.

A Sad Mistake—A few minutes later Varsity began to get into difficulties again. A fumbled ball on an extension play gave the Eks possession on the students' five-yard line. A strong rally saved the day for the University, however; the Eks failed to make yards, and the ball changed hands. Then, with the ball in their posses-

(Continued on page eight)

THE DARK HORSE



"BUTCH" GLASGOW

Who has jumped to fame by his recent showing in the Intercollegiate Track Meet. Butch was an absentee last year, but has come back with a bang this year. He forced Harold Wright to extend himself to the limit in the sprints, and then held close on Fritz Werthenbach's heels in the hurdle events. His contribution of eight points was a big help to Alberta.

HE HURLS 'EM FAR



LEONARD COCKLE

Intercollegiate javelin and discus champion. Len took the W.C.I.A.U. javelin record in 1926, and bettered it by three feet at the interfaculty meet this year. He leaves us this year, and it will be a great loss. His equal will be hard to find.

VARSITY SOCCER TEAM PLAYS C.N.R.

First Game of the Season Scheduled for Saturday, October 20

On Saturday, October 20, the local soccer season, as far as the University is concerned, commences when the C.N.R. team takes on the Varsity boys at Diamond Park. The students have been training conscientiously for two weeks past, and will certainly uphold the honor of their Alma Mater when they meet the overtown experts. Last year the Varsity team held the same organization to a tie 4-4 in their only encounter, and this year it looks as if the University had an ever better aggregation than ever before. Fans who venture over the river on Saturday should not be disappointed. We predict a great game.

The Varsity team will consist of the following men:

Goal: Foster.
Fullbacks: Gold, Davies.
Halfbacks: Brown, Donaldson, Cameron.
Forwards: McAndrew, Kennedy, Masson, Gishler, Peto.
Subs: Walch, Newlove.

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WALKING

I like walking. I say this at once, that there be no misunderstanding in anyone's mind — even in case he should read this article. I am prejudiced in favor of the subject. I glory in that same prejudice. As far as I can remember I have always walked. There was a time, I am told, when I did not walk. This may be so—I can't remember it. Allowing it to be true, on the above authority (hearsay is notably unreliable), I can at least assert that, if I did not walk, at least I made valiant attempts to.

Walking in the last few years has suffered a serious decline. Henry Ford has been one of the chief conspirators against this form of locomotion. Now, outside of the few survivors of the grand old school of genus pedestrians, it is only accepted as a last resort, for instance say, when the engine trouble is beyond all available technical knowledge, or the boy friend gets too fresh.

And that latter raises a point well worth mentioning. The upstart school of motoring has been split into two serious factions by this matter, namely, those who do and those who don't. The latter, coursing along the highway with the memory ranking in their mind of seeing some promising prospect "get out and walk" leaving them to the gloom and darkness of a mid-August night, joy to brazenly crowd the occasional pedestrian off the highway, kick up a little dust and gravel at him, or if seasons permits, splash some mud upon his torgery. If some of the fairer sex but realized it, they are doing the science of walking a great aid by clinging to their present methods. There is also a sub-faction of this party. Any pedestrian who has undertaken a little walk, say, from Stony Plain to town, has had excellent opportunity to observe the delicate tact with which those of this species pass him. There is no pausing to honk their horn and order him to get on. No wounding of tender susceptibilities by asking impertinent questions as to whether bound. No placing of temptation in the walker's road by offering him a lift. Oh, no, none of these! They pass him with a show of unconcern that would do credit to a Yankee manufacturer in the Louvre, leaving him to his solitary way, breathing forth a prayer of thankfulness that the above solitude was not rudely discontinued.

To return to the first factions, the motorists that do. These are somewhat scarce and, according to statistics, the breed is approaching extinction. Should you, as a pedestrian, ever have the rare fortune to meet with one of these, by all means waive your scruples and accept the offer. It is interesting, and valuable from the viewpoint of research, to analyze his motives in doing so. Perhaps he felt lonely. Then clearly it was your duty to help a fellow human out. (It is generally conceded that this type of motorist is still human). Maybe he merely yearned for conversation. In such case it should be easy to satisfy the craving. Or he may do it in blissful ignorance of your overwhelming desire to walk. But, for the glory of the clan, get in and ride anyhow. That is the whole keynote of the matter—get in and ride.

—O. R. WRAY.

Every man is said to have his price, and we might add that every co-ed has her figure.—Miami Student.

SONG OF LOVE

Your are a flower love—
a lone flower
in a broad, lone field.
A slender flower
waving a welcome to me on the breeze
and dancing in your endless joy of life
though no eyes watch you—
no eyes, that is, except mine
for I love you.

Printer's Error

The Editor's brow was sad; the Editor's speech was low,—low and faint with the exhaustion of prolonged strain. The sub-editors sat about in respectful silence, awaiting the next Jovian utterance. Their brows also were sad. Only the business manager, as befitted the dignity of financial ascendancy, looked slightly less sad, slightly more defiant than the rest of the staff.

"Now let's get this straight," said the Editor, "can we afford those cartoons and photographs?"

"Why not?" came the answering chorus.

"That's not very helpful of you. I want to know if we can borrow the cuts of those pictures, or will they charge for them?"

"They will make cuts for us at the printer's," put in the Bus. Mgr.

"But I thought you said they had them over at the Bulletin office—"

"Oh, you mean half-tones."

The slight superiority of the voice was not to be overlooked.

"Well," said the Asst. Bus. Mgr., "I went to them, and they said that their copperplates were too heavy, but they would give us an impression—"

"How much would they charge for a stencil?"—the Bus. Mgr. tried to look the part.

"When we got the pictures from the Globe, they were very reasonable about the mats—"

but the Adv. Mgr. never got any further.

"Stop! What are we all talking about anyway?" The Editor's brow was anguished; the Editor's speech was far from low. "Cuts, copperplates, half-tones, impressions, mats, stencils—I'm nearly crazy."

So are we all. After a short, but hectic period of experience on a college publication, we have arrived at this conclusion, viz., that the printer belongs to a weird and mysterious fraternity whose signs and symbols are wholly unintelligible to the un-

MISTY MORNING

New day comes
And the mists hazy heavy on the moor,
Hushing the sounds beyond our sight
Like a huge oaken door.

New day comes,
Gray—but a fringe of pearl on every grass
And the pathways, scuffled off their ornaments
Where the fairies pass.

New day comes
And a mist, and a frost gemmed ground
And a busy world of fairy folk
Who utter never a sound.

New day comes
With an unseen sun and an unknown dawn
And fairy footprints crossing the moor,
Though the fays are gone.

—O. R. WRAY.

THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT"

By H. N. May

(The following true story was related to the writer by an old shipmate, Cadet R. K. H. Brice, S.S. Bampton Castle.)

On January 24th, 1926, the British freighter Antiope, bound from New York to Queenstown with a cargo of coal, encountered one of the most severe gales of the year, being the plaything of a fierce nor'-west gale in mid-Atlantic.

The Antiope, built in Sunderland in 1902 for the New Egypt and Levant Steamship Company was a single-screw steamer of 3,748 gross tonnage, with a length of 282 feet and beam of 45 feet. During her battle with the elements her steering gear was carried away, then her No. 3 hatch stove in, so that her engine-room and stokehold were flooded. Her urgent S.O.S. signals were picked up by the United States liner President Roosevelt, which was also eastward bound, having left New York on the 20th, six days after the doomed ship.

The President Roosevelt made the Antiope's position by noon on the 24th, but was unable to render assistance owing to the violence of the gale. She stood by until 9 p.m. when, during a heavy snow squall, she lost all trace of the Antiope. The approximate position was then 47°N. and 35°W.

At 4 p.m. on the 25th the Antiope was again located, listing heavily to starboard. In reply to her semaphore signal message stating that her list was of over 40 degrees, that her radio was out of commission, and that her four lifeboats were smashed, the President Roosevelt decided to take advantage of a temporary lull in the storm to launch a lifeboat manned by volunteers. This proved to be an extremely dangerous undertaking. Two lives were lost even before the lifeboat started out on her mission, and she herself, dashed against the side of the mother-ship, was smashed to small pieces. The two members of the crew who lost their lives in this heroic endeavour to reach the Antiope were Master-at-Arms Weitman and Bo'sun's Mate Ernest Heitman.

Throughout the 26th the President

Roosevelt attempted rescues, but failed each time owing to the exceptionally heavy weather. In the first of the day's many essays, she tried to float an empty lifeboat alongside the freighter. This, when on the point of success, capsized. On the morning of the 27th, Captain Fried, of the President Roosevelt, took advantage of a slight abatement of the storm to launch another lifeboat, under the direction of Chief Officer Miller. This one managed to take off twelve members of the Antiope's crew. It was the fifth number of lifeboats to be launched, thereby creating a post-war record, for no such number of lifeboats have been dispatched to the rescue of a vessel in distress since 1918.

Early in the morning of the 28th Captain Fried manoeuvred his ship into a position a quarter of a mile to windward of the freighter, and by pouring oil overboard with excellent effect (Captain Sose of the Antiope claims that the oil saved his ship from sinking) made the final rescue possible. With a bright moon overhead to favour their daring enterprise, the volunteer crew that very same evening, under the Chief Officer and Fourth Officer Upton, set out to make a final attempt to rescue the apparently lost men remaining on the Antiope. The rescue party fought its way over mountainous seas and through blinding, swirling sleet, driven at an estimated speed of over 100 miles an hour. The lifeboat at last reached the bow of the Antiope. The thirteen remaining men jumped from the fated ship, and all returned safely to the liner.

The President Roosevelt, on arrival at Southampton, was welcomed by a great reception in honour of the captain, the officers and the men who had taken part in this most gallant rescue—now considered one of the greatest feats in maritime history.

The President of the Board of Trade, Sir Cunliffe Lister, personally thanking Captain Fried and the volunteer crews, presented each man, on behalf of His Majesty the King, with a special medal to commemorate the event.

initiated, the secrets of whose cult are kept blacker than the secrets of freemasonry.

Take, for instance, the gentle art of reading proof. The Editor, the Ex-officio, all the sub-editors, and the entire business staff, again met in solemn conclave. Discussion waxed hot and high. Why have printers such complex mentalities that they can understand naught but hieroglyphic and occult signs as corrections in the margin? What is a "wrong font"? Why do you put "tr" when the letters are mixed up? What is the connection between "lower case," and the small letters of the alphabet? What is an "em"?

But in spite of the inconvenience caused by our ignorance, we cannot but be charmed by the almost Mediaeval savour of the jargon which bewilders our already befuddled brains. A valiant remnant of the Dark Ages, when arts and crafts devoted a complicated argot to protect their trade secrets from thieving rivals. For the same reason those desirous of learning the trade had to undergo a long period of apprenticeship and journeyman labours, before they were allowed to work on their own. Here we find another of those puzzling paradoxes which keep life from being too much of a bore. The craft through whose medium all that is most recent and most modern, the latest thoughts and discoveries and freshest outputs of the inventive and contemplative mind are spread through the world, clings most tenaciously to the manners and customs of former times. All of which would be most entertaining, if the harried student (desirous of putting his thoughts in print), were not thereby forced to study another new and terrifying course!

—C.E.C.

GUIDANCE

Out of the dark a hand
Familiar—kind;
Out of chaos a new command
That touched my mind:
Out of the gloom a form
For me alone:
Out of the cold a being warm—
Flesh from stone:
Out of the nothing a newer thing
Which I could see:
Out of the silence voices sing
New songs to me.

SUDDEN AWAKENING

Out of the night—
Wind:
Out of the storm—
Rain:
Out of desire—
This flower, grief:
And so
To sleep again.

—D.L.

THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

At the recent Convocation a public address system was installed to take care of those people who were not able to obtain seats in Convocation Hall. This address system is a new development in Alberta, and is one that will soon become popular in every community. The benefits of this system will be appreciated by those who attended either the Edmonton Exhibition or the Calgary Stampede. At these two exhibitions, thousands of people were entertained daily by this address system. Speech amplifiers were placed throughout the grounds, and by means of these music and speech was brought to everyone instead of the mere handful that could be reached by the unaided voice of a speaker.

Although this system is new to Alberta, it has been in vogue throughout Eastern Canada and the States for at least five years, and has become an established requisite at all large public gatherings, both indoor and outdoor. Take, for instance, the huge political conventions recently held in the United States. It is evident that the unaided voice of a speaker could not be heard by the thousands of people, visitors, delegates and pressmen that attended these conventions. A system of speech amplifiers was therefore installed throughout the huge buildings, and by means of a microphone the speaker's words were caught up, amplified, and then hurled out of the reproducing horns to the audience.

Not only has this system been used for public gatherings, but it is now coming into vogue in some of the Canadian and American universities for use on the rugby field, at track meets and in lecture rooms, coupled with many other meetings and addresses relative to university life. The day is not so far away, that will bring similar systems to the universities throughout North America, and that the people will consider them a necessary appliance for everyday use.

The question may be asked, "What is this system like? How does it work?" This may be answered in simple, non-technical language. Let us trace the words of the speaker from the time they leave his mouth until they are heard by the audience. Before the speaker stands a microphone, which is nothing more than a very sensitive telephone transmitter. In this microphone, the sound waves are turned into the corresponding electrical frequencies. These frequencies are then carried to the amplifiers which will amplify the human voice from ten to a thousand times, according to the particular require-

ments of the location. The amplified frequencies are then carried to reproducing horns, which have the opposite effect to the microphone, and are transferred back into sound waves, which in due course reach the audience. In experiments held, one type of horn was found to have an approximate range of one mile, which, of course, is hardly necessary for ordinary use, but goes to show what volume can be obtained. The volume of the system is maintained by an operator who sits near the microphones. As the speaker moves to and fro on the platform he naturally changes his distance from the microphone, so by means of a pair of head phones and a volume control instrument the operator can keep up an approximate constancy of

volume issuing from his amplifiers. These address systems can also be linked up with the radio broadcast.

The system that was used at Convocation was loaned to the University through the courtesy of the Alberta Government Telephones. This system has been used with great success on many occasions. We might mention the Diamond Jubilee celebration in Edmonton, the Edmonton Exhibition, and the Calgary Stampede as a few instances. Since this address system could prove so useful to the University at large, we can only hope that the day will be soon when the University has one.

—F. J. B.

A worm? Well, if you want us to be explicit, it's a caterpillar that was playing strip poker and lost.

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GOLD SEAL PEN

SWIMMING CLUB

The University Swimming Club will hold its annual meeting in Room 135 Arts, Friday, October 19th, at 4:30 p.m. It is hoped that everyone interested will turn out, whether they are expert swimmers or not, as the more members there are to the club the better season it will be.

The men have obtained the use of the Y. W. C. A. pool for a three-hour period each week. As yet there have been no definite arrangements made for the ladies, but they are expected to be present at the meeting when several plans for their accommodation will be brought forward.

S.C.M. MEETING

President Wallace will address the S.C.M. in Athabasca Lounge on Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 4:30 p.m. The meeting is being called with a double object—to introduce the S.C.M. to the students, and to give the students an opportunity to meet one another.

SENIOR ELECTIONS

The election of officers for the Senior Class will take place Friday, October 19, in the basement of the Arts Building. The polls will be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., with Lee Cameron and Tommy Chard returning officers. A list of those eligible to vote will be found on the notice-board in the rotunda of the Arts Building.

President: Eric Stuart, Law '29 (acclamation).
Vice-President: Jean Campbell, Arts '29; Vera Palmer, Com. '29.
Secretary-Treasurer: Bruce V. Massie, Law '29; Gillis M. Levell, Com. '29.

Executive: Four members to be elected—Rachael Horner, Com. '29; G. V. Gowan, Arts '29, Law '31; Peter Kilburn, Arts '29; A. C. McGowan, Med '29; Herbert E. Morris, B.Sc. in Arts; Robert Brown, Med. '31; Bud Lando, Law '29.

The Gateway regrets the fact that, owing to the inability of members of the track team to get together for a picture, it cannot publish pictures of every member of the team.

FAR-FAMED TIGERS PLAY VARSITY ON SATURDAY

(Continued from page six)

Good news comes with the information that Timothy and Hess will be back in uniform. How sorely they were missed was sadly demonstrated last Saturday when the team went to pieces at critical moments. However, with two of the main cogs of the machine back, Varsity ought to present real opposition. When the U. of A. bunch played against Saskatchewan two weeks ago the team looked O.K., and there is no reason why the team, under capable direction at quarter, ought not to have a good chance to defeat these far-famed Tigers. The Varsity lineup has not yet been given out, but all the men who played last Saturday, with the addition of Timothy and Hess, except the husky middle, Ken Thompson, who is in the hospital recovering from injuries sustained in the last game, will be all set to go against Calgary.

A little cheering helps a lot. Come out and help the boys to win!

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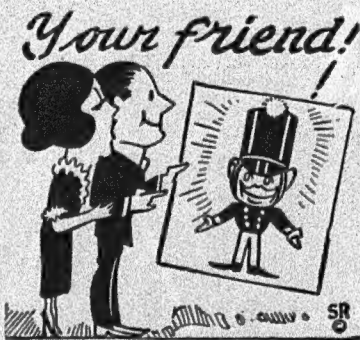
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STUDENT UNION MEETING

The first meeting of the Students' Union will be held in Convocation Hall on Tuesday, October 20, at 11:30 a.m. The budget will be discussed, and if time allows the introduction of the proposed new form of student government will be presented. It is in the interests of all students to be present.

"THE UNWORTHY GOBLET"

(Continued from page one)

Great was their wonderment! There, midst the prizes assembled by their illustrious forebears reposed one which was unworthy. Not for the skill or valour of the sons of Var had it been given, but to commemorate the fact that certain citizens had amassed great wealth for themselves and other by ingenious bartering of merchandise for use in the kitchens of the lords of the land. And heads were bowed with shame and none there was that durst speak, so fearful was each of the anger of the gods. Nor could anyone say whence it came or how long it had reposed in its unearned glory.

Whereat the elders did hurriedly convene and hold whispered colloquy. And the murmurs of the crowd were as distant thunder as shame gave place to anger in each true citizen's heart. And all were of one mind that it should go, and many were the means suggested for its disposal. And the crowd surged forward to wrest the unworthy goblet from its stolen pedestal. But the wise men had made their decision already, and one of them pulled the unworthy goblet from the place of honour. He raised his hand and a strange sudden silence fell as he discoursed to them.

"Citizens of Var, we, your chosen council of elders, have decided that no longer can this goblet be left among those commemorating glorious deeds of courage. We have determined that it shall be taken to . . ."

Editor's Note.—This manuscript is unfortunately broken off here, and so the above story must remain, for the present at least, incomplete.

CAIRNS TROPHY HAS COME WEST FOR FIRST TIME

(Continued from page one)

Girls' 220 yards dash—1, D. Ruthford, Saskatchewan; 2, Gladys Bain, Manitoba; 3, G. Roxburgh, Alberta. Time 28 2-5 seconds (new record).

100 yards dash—1, Harold Wright, Alberta; 2, R. Glasgow, Alberta; 3, D. Seaton, Manitoba. Time 10 1-5 seconds (equal record).

Discus—1, W. L. Cockle, Alberta; 2, O. Gratias, Saskatchewan; 3, H. Funk, Manitoba. Distance 105 feet 8 3/4 inches.

Girls' javelin—1, W. Rowles, Saskatchewan; 2, L. Unkauf, Manitoba; 3, G. McKenzie, Saskatchewan. Distance 98 feet 2 inches (new record).
Javelin—1, W. L. Cockle, Alberta; 2, O. Gratias, Saskatchewan; 3, N. McLeod, Alberta. Distance 148 feet 9 3/4 inches.

440 yards dash—1, Harold Wright, Alberta; 2, M. B. Crookford, Alberta; 3, Dan Dojack, Manitoba. Time 55 seconds.

Girls' 100 yards dash—1, Gladys Bain, Manitoba; 2, D. Ruthford, Saskatchewan; 3, G. Roxburgh, Alberta. Time 12 2-5 seconds (new record).

High jump—1, Harold Creasy, Manitoba; 2, Bruce Harvey, Manitoba; 3, F. Nicholls, Saskatchewan. Height 5 feet 6 inches.

Hammer—1, O. Gratias, Saskatchewan; 2, Sam Edgecomb, Manitoba; 3, F. Peterson, Manitoba. Distance 95 feet 4 inches.

Girls' high jump—1, Eleanor Black, Manitoba; 2, G. Fry, Alberta; 3, E. Barnett, Alberta, and D. Ruthford, Saskatchewan, tied. Height 4 feet 8 1/4 inches (new record).

120 yards high hurdles—1, F. Werthenbach, Alberta; 2, James Lawson, Manitoba; 3, R. Glasgow, Alberta. Time 16 3-5 seconds (equal record).

One mile—1, A. Duncan, Manitoba; 2, N. McLeod, Alberta; 3, W. Cutsungavich, Alberta. Time 4 mins. 53 1-5 secs.

Girls' relay—1, Manitoba; 2, Saskatchewan; 3, Alberta. Time 49 3-5 seconds (new record).

Men's relay—1, Alberta; 2, Mani-

TRACK MANAGER



REG. C. HAMILTON

W.C.I.A.U. MEETING HELD ON FRIDAY

Alberta Has Four Representatives Present—Reg Hamilton Elected Vice-President

On Friday afternoon, October 12, delegates of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union met in Winnipeg for the semi-annual meeting of the Union. The University of Alberta had a representation of four in attendance: Dr. MacEachan, Prof. A. W. Matthews, Ross Gibson and Gladys Fry.

Reg Hamilton, President and Manager of the Alberta Track Team, was honoured for his faithful services to Western Canada sport by being elected Vice-President of the Union. It was at first erroneously reported that the genial Reg had been named President. This, however, is not the case. The President has not yet been chosen, but he will be someone representing the University of Saskatchewan, where the next track meet is to be held, and he will be chosen by that body in the very near future.

Dr. R. C. Wallace, the highly-esteemed President of this University, was named Honorary President of the Union, and Prof. K. W. Gordon, of the U. of S., was chosen Secretary-Treasurer.

An important matter which came up for discussion at the meeting was that of the part of the ladies in the Union. The constitution of the Union was amended to admit ladies to full membership in the Union. A committee of ladies was also chosen to draw up for future track meets a list of events for ladies which will be incorporated in the W.C.I.A.U. Track Agreement. It was also determined that in future the Ladies' Individual Champion, as well as the men's, should receive a gold medal. This is only fair, and we are glad to see that encouragement is being given by the Union to this worthy endeavor of women.

The University of Saskatchewan presented to the W.C.I.A.U. a possible solution to the problem of graduate participation in athletics. The suggestion was that athletes be limited to five years of intercollegiate competition, and after that period be debarred, whether in attendance at the University or not. This matter will be brought up again at the spring meeting.

to 3, Saskatchewan. Time 1 minute 40 seconds.

Three mile—1, W. Cutsungavich, Alberta; 2, E. Fodor, Saskatchewan; 3, B. H. Lyons, Alberta. Time 16 minutes 36 4-5 seconds.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE PRESENT ALBERTA SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT LIQUOR CONTROL?

(The Gateway will continue from now on the weekly questionnaire which was begun last year.)

Bill Auxier, B.A., Law '29—An admirable system—giving the people what they desire, and, in so doing, adding to the general revenue.

Winfield D. Race, Arts '32—It has caused a large increase in police convictions for drunkenness over prohibition times; therefore let us return to prohibition.

Ned Ambrose, Sci '31—I think that it is a system which fits appropriately the stage of social development in which we now live.

Herb Surplis, Arts '30—I think the system is all right, but the Government mulets you too damn much for liquor.

Mrs. Emma Newton, Arts '31—Controlling a mistake instead of eliminating it is folly. Total prohibition is the only practical and economic solution of the drink bogey, both individually and collectively.

Walter Scott, Arts '30—It seems to be satisfactory. If people wish to drink, I think that they should be permitted to do so, under reasonable supervision and control. Also, those that get drunk now get drunk on better liquor than during prohibition.

Hugh Morrison, Arts '30—It keeps the Government on its feet.

George Field, Sci '29—I would far sooner see complete prohibition than the present system—drunks are much more numerous now than previous to government control.

Bruce Massie, Law '29—Prohibition has been proved a failure here, and is being proved a failure in other countries; no one desires the return of the open bar, so liquor control by the government seems to be the only alternative, until a new system is devised.

Del Edmonds, Arts '29—The present system is far better than that under prohibition because any of the prohibitions developed in society have taken relatively long periods for their development, and in no case have been the products of legislation. I believe that the present system is not to be preferred to the pre-prohibition type, as it singles out for taxation a particular commodity, and any tax raised on any commodities should, of course, be levied only with the consent of the majority, and their wishes should be consulted over very frequent intervals of time. It is four years since the referendum and, in my opinion, about time for a further enquiry.

Harold N. May, Ag '32—I firmly believe that a man ought to use his own discretion when it comes to the question of drinking strong liquor, and I have not much use for those who require others to decide the matter for them.

Leyda Sestrap, Arts and Med '33—I don't approve of it—it goes too far.

ESKIMOS AGAIN

DEFEAT VARSITY

(Continued from page six)

sion, the boys made a fatal mistake. They kicked, and kicked badly. In a trice McLennan was over the line for a touchdown. Jones converted perfectly, and the score stood at nine to nil.

Hutton Excites Fans

Remaining dormant still till the end of the quarter, Varsity began to shake out of it in the second quarter. Kicks and fumbles on both sides caused a rapid exchange of the ball. Hutton got the crowd all worked up by grabbing up a loose ball and running 30 yards through the enemy to the deadline. But the whistle had blown, and he had to return. After this brilliant bid for points, the pendulum swung again to the other side and found Varsity fighting on her own twenty-yard line at half-time.

The Blocked Kick

After the breathing spell, the U. of A. warriors set to work with a will, and by a series of good bucks reached the Esk's 25-yard line. Hall kicked, but his kick was out. The Esk failed to gain, and kicked to McLean. Varsity was held, and decided to kick. But the line crumpled, Stuart was through, blocked Hall, grabbed the ball and sprinted halfway down the field with everybody behind him for a touch. Again the inimitable Jones converted. Score 15-0.

Varsity Retaliates

Three-quarter time came around with Varsity still sporting a goose-egg. Things began to look pretty blue.

But the boys never gave up. Finally, after Prittie had gone through for some nice gains, Gus Runge got the chance of a lifetime on a trick play, and wormed his way through them all for forty yards to score Varsity's first and only touch. It looked as if things would remain as they were after this. But no! With one minute left, Jones resolved to say the last word, and ended the game with another of his never-miss drops. Final score 18-6.



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NOTICE

All University clubs and organizations are requested to have any weekly write-ups or notice which they wish published, in this office no later than 8:30 a.m. on Wednesday of each week, unless the club meeting occurs on Wednesday, when it will be accepted on Thursday morning at 8:30.

VESPER ORGAN RECITAL

On Sunday, October 21st, the first of the season's Vesper Organ Recitals will be given in Convocation Hall. This is an innovation, and the program will consist of some of the old favourites of past recitals as well as some new numbers. The time is 4:30 to 5:00 p.m.

LOST — Waterman Fountain Pen and Eversharp Pencil on campus in front of Assiniboia, on Monday, Oct. 8.—R. M. SHAW, Phone 9432.

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